

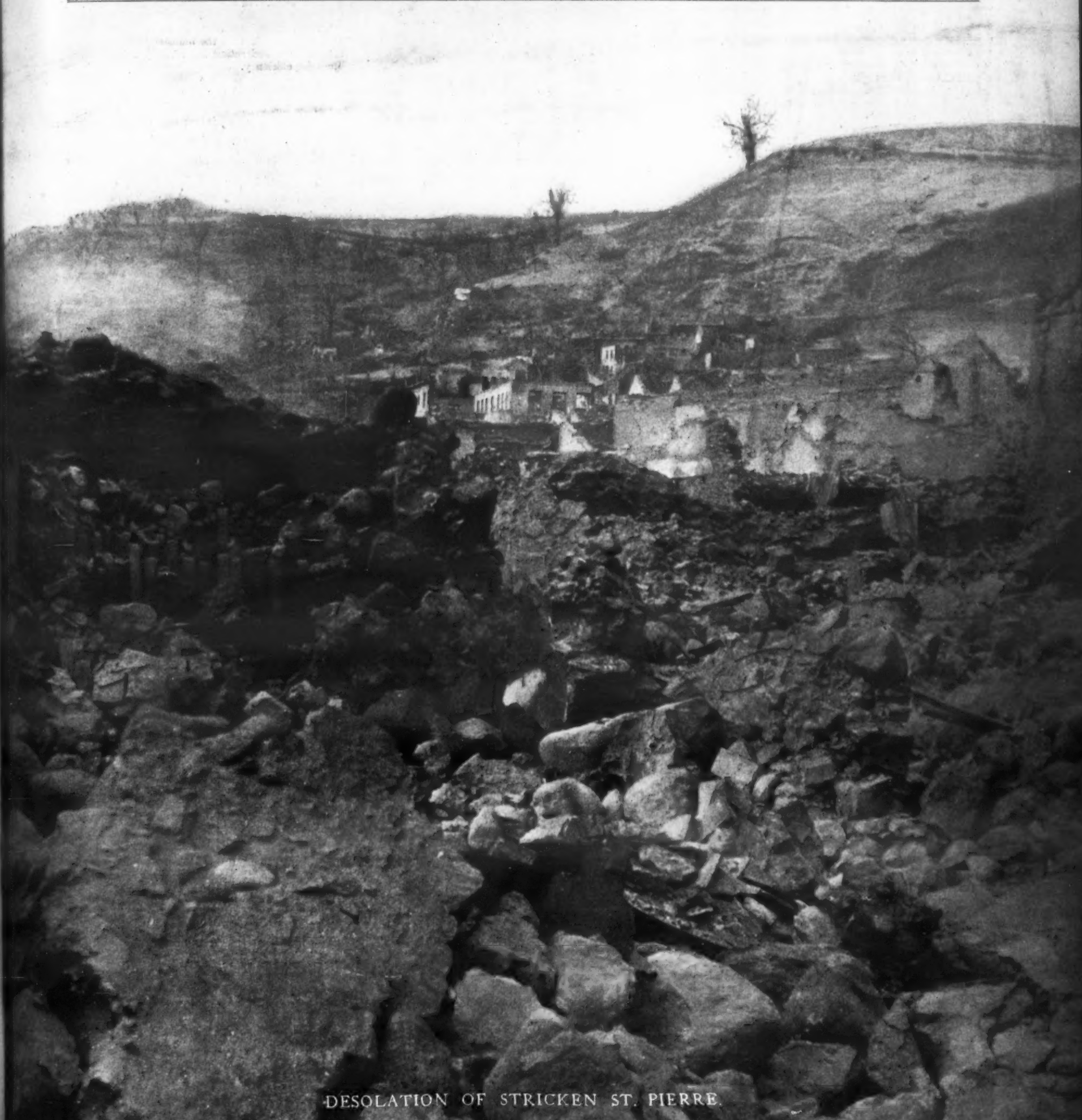
# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

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DESOLATION OF STRICKEN ST. PIERRE.

## Volcanic Disaster Special Number



# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS

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Thursday, June 12, 1902

## Deceived by the Politics of New States.

ONE OR other of the parties is preparing a surprise for itself in connection with the new States—Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona—which are to be admitted before long. Perhaps both of the parties will be surprised. In forecasting the political leanings of more than one State within a few years after its admission both parties, in turn, have been fooled. The Democrats, who had the House of Representatives at the time, and who were soon to have the Senate, let in Colorado in the summer of 1876, supposing that it would vote their way in the election three months later, but it went to the Republicans instead, and the result was far reaching, for if Colorado had been kept out until after that election Tilden instead of Hayes would have been made President.

When the two Dakotas, Washington, and Montana were admitted in 1889, and Idaho and Wyoming in 1890, the Republicans, who had elected Harrison and a Congress in political harmony with him in 1888, supposed they were entrenched in power for at least a dozen years, as the leanings of all the new States appeared to be strongly toward the Republicans at the time of admission. The Democrats, however, swept the country in the congressional election of 1890 and in the presidential and congressional campaigns of 1892. The Republicans may be said to have lost North Dakota in 1892, when it gave one of its electoral votes to Weaver, the greenbacker, one to Cleveland, the other going to Harrison. The Republicans lost Washington, Wyoming, and South Dakota in 1896, they lost Montana in 1896 and 1900, and they lost Idaho in 1892, 1896, and 1900.

Utah fooled both parties in turn, on its entrance in the early part of 1896. It elected a Republican Governor in the campaign at the time of its admission, and gave its electoral vote to Bryan in the presidential canvass just afterward, although each party felt confident that it could control Utah for many years without a break. In the case of Utah the Republicans were more successful than the Democrats, for the Republicans have carried it in all the State elections since its admission, and in one of the two presidential canvasses.

The delegate from New Mexico is telling the Republicans in Congress that Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona, when they enter statehood, are sure to all vote the Republican ticket. The old parliamentary hands on both the Republican and the Democratic sides, however, know that such prophecies, even when honestly made, are worth nothing.

Would it not be strange if the votes of new States, created by a Republican administration, should turn that administration out of power in a close presidential election in 1904?

## No Pauper Clergymen.

A PROPOSITION was made before the recent General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, at its session in New York, to abandon the home for disabled ministers maintained by the denomination at Perth Amboy, N. J., on the ground chiefly that the cost of the institution was out of all proportion to the benefits derived from it. The home costs the denomination \$9,000 a year for maintenance, and in eighteen years it has had only ninety-four guests, all told—an average of about five guests or inmates a year. The proposition to abandon the place for economic considerations alone would therefore seem to be well sustained, but there are better reasons than this.

The Perth Amboy home, as we happen to know, has been admirably conducted and made as agreeable and truly home-like as possible for the few who have availed themselves of its hospitality, but, in the nature of things, it has not been, and never can be, a welcome, much less a popular, retreat for the class of persons for whom it was designed. Its number of "guests" has always been small, not because there are not many old and faithful servants of the denomination in sore need of help in their declining years, but because the great majority of them prefer to shift for themselves as best they can, suffering many privations and hardships, rather than to be shut away from friends and loved ones in an institution, where, in spite of all care to make them feel otherwise, they live in an atmosphere of dependency, if not of pauperism. Seeing that the ministerial profession is made up wholly of cultured and refined men, it is not strange that they should be reluctant to put themselves under the conditions prevailing in this home, only going there, in fact, as a last and desperate resort.

And what is true of the home at Perth Amboy is true of all institutions of like character maintained by other denominations. The intention in all these is good enough, but the plan is unwise and impracticable. It involves unnecessary suffering and humiliation for men who have devoted their lives to faithful service for the church, and who are worthy of the utmost care and tender consideration in their old age. They should have adequate and generous support in their own homes or other places of their own choosing, where they may have the association and ministrations of their own friends and kindred. It will be in vain for the Presbyterian denomination to try, as was said in the report on this subject, "to overcome what seems to be an ineradicable reluctance in the hearts of our annuitants toward availing themselves of the privileges of a ministerial home."

It will be vain because it is against nature, reason, justice, and humanity, and if this church is minded to deal righteously with those who have been its servitors it will not longer try this plan, but will inaugurate a new and better one on a more generous and adequate scale, and more in consonance with the spirit of true Christianity.

## The Secret of Our Strength.

IN ANCIENT days power went with the sword, the mastery of men and nations to him who commanded the largest battalions, and was most skilled in all the arts of war. The sword is still an all too potent factor in the affairs of men, and armies and navies weigh heavily in the balance for and against the claims of leadership and supremacy among the nations, but more and more it is true that the ultimate authority, the virtual leadership lies with him who ministers most largely and adequately to the material needs of men. In still plainer terms, he who feeds the world, clothes it and supplies it with the material for heat and light, is he to whom all the world pays tribute. Power resides in the plowshare and the pruning-hook rather than in the sword and the spear, although the day of universal peace still seems far away.

As civilization advances and the range of man's wants and necessities widens with the "process of the suns" so do the agencies which supply these wants and necessities grow more and more important in the reckoning and more powerful in the hands of those who possess them. It is chiefly because of its richness and productiveness in the things which the world needs for its material comfort and happiness, rather than in its resources of intellect and genius, much as it owes to these, that the United States is rapidly advancing to the leadership of the world in all things, and is to-day the supreme power in the world's markets.

The argument on this point that goes with stubborn facts and figures has been strongly presented recently in an address by Mr. O. P. Austin, Chief of the National Bureau of Statistics. It is shown by this authority that the United States is the world's largest producer of the great articles required by man for his daily life. The principal articles of food are breadstuffs and meats, and of wheat the United States harvests more than any other country, and of corn more than all other countries combined, while of meats the United States is also the world's largest producer. For clothing the article of largest requirement is cotton, and of this the United States provides more than three-fourths of the world's supply. For heat, coal is the greatest requirement, and of this the United States is now the world's largest miner, and our supply exceeds that of any other country; while for light our production of petroleum furnishes a larger quantity of refined illuminating oil than that of any other nation. In manufactures the United States is also the world's chief producer, the value of our manufactures being nearly double that of the United Kingdom, and nearly equal to that of France, Germany, and Russia combined.

And the place which we have already gained by virtue of these things, it seems certain we shall continue to hold and enlarge and strengthen in the future. For we have only yet barely entered upon the development of our agricultural and mineral resources; we have yet only touched the fringe of our wealth-producing powers. Millions of acres of fertile land within our boundaries are yet untouched by plow or spade, and areas vaster than many Old-World empires still await settlement and exploitation. Glorious as our past has been and full of hope and promise as is the present, the future holds out assurances of far greater achievements for our industry and commerce. The power of production shows no signs of abatement, while we may reasonably expect that the development of science and invention, and the application of American energy, will still further reduce the cost of production and transportation.

This high standing of the United States as an exporting nation will be welcomed by the commercial world rather than antagonized, as has been intimated and feared in certain quarters. The commercial world buys the products of our fields and factories because it requires them for daily use and because it can obtain them more readily and cheaply from the United States than from any other part of the world. This situation of supremacy naturally excites some little jealousy among the producers of other nations, and now and then some threats of reprisal, as has been the case in Germany and Russia, but nothing serious will come of all this, because the masses in these countries, as in all others, the consumers, the vast majority, are not moved by these commercial considerations, but care first and last of all to buy the necessities of life that are cheapest and best, no matter whence they come or who offers them for sale. No nation to-day would dare, if it could, to stand between its people and their daily bread.

## The Plain Truth.

THE LATEST estimates of what the Boer war has cost Great Britain place the figures at \$1,200,000,000 up to the present time. This exceeds by \$750,000,000 the cost of our war with Spain, to say nothing of what we have gained as the fruits of the contest, and is nearly one-fourth of the total amount that this republic has expended in all its wars since it was established over a hundred years ago. President Kruger's promise that Great Britain would pay a price for her conquest of the Boers that would stagger humanity is thus being literally fulfilled.

THE MASSACHUSETTS Legislature proposes to supplement the power of the State board of conciliation and arbitration, which can only act upon the request of both sides in a dispute, by a compulsory arbitration plan. It is an attempt to graft the New Zealand practice upon the voluntary system. It is now well known that the New Zealand system is of too doubtful value to be applied here on the strength of its results in that colony. The incentives and adjustments of American industry do not favor any systematic application of compulsory arbitration law. We add that the industrial committee of the National Civic Federation has recently acted with most remarkable efficiency.

WHATEVER OF truth or justice there may be, or may not be, in the general charges made against trusts at the present time, it is certain that the newspapers have a specific cause of grievance against them in the way that they have reduced advertising, the chief and largest source of newspaper income. A large number of staple manufactured products might be mentioned which in the days of open competition manufacturers found it necessary to advertise liberally, but which, being now in combinations by themselves, controlling their several markets, proceed on the principle that the public must buy their articles any way, whether they advertise or not. This led to the recent observation of a well-known and observant political leader that some day the press of the country, influenced solely by selfish considerations, would rise up against the trusts and crush them with the weight of an aroused public opinion. This is not putting the press on a very high moral plane, it is true, but newspaper managers, as a rule, are not in business solely for the public good.

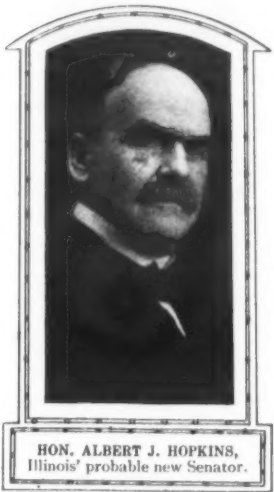
IT SEEMS to us that the director of the Bronx Zoological Park is unnecessarily agitated over the threatened extinction of wild flowers within his domain. He writes a long letter to the *Herald* complaining that in spite of all "printed warnings and appeals in three languages," and the efforts of a corps of detailed watchers, the children will persist in picking the wild violets, the arbutus, the columbines, and other wild flowers growing in the park, and, in consequence, all these natural attractions are soon likely to disappear entirely. On a recent Sunday, he says, "the slaughter of wild flowers was something awful." He therefore appeals to parents and visitors generally to restrain the "little hands" and co-operate with the police and the park employes in preserving these natural beauties of the place. We fail to be moved by the director's pathetic plea for the wild flowers, our sympathies being rather with the children who are described as rushing to them with "cries of joy," and picking them "as fast as their fingers can fly." We doubt very much whether these "raids" can be stopped, even if the police, the park employes, and the parents combine in the effort, and, what is more, we would not stop them if we could. Daisies, dandelions, and violets will doubtless continue to grow in the vast spaces of Bronx Park for years to come, despite all the depredations of "little hands," and if they are finally exterminated in this way, as the director fears, why let them go. What does it matter? Far better so than to institute a government of terrorism in the park for the repression or punishment of the little people who are charged with rushing with "cries of joy" among the flowers.

RUSSIA HAS recently resumed her efforts to crush out what remains of Finnish independence and individuality, her attention at present being directed chiefly to the further Russification of Finland's educational system and the repression of distinctively Finnish newspapers. These papers have been placed under a censorship more arbitrary, it is said, and tyrannical than that of Russia itself. The sad significance of this form of despotism can be partly realized when it is remembered that in 1899, when the Russians assumed control, Finland had nearly two hundred and fifty periodicals and was one of the foremost countries of Europe in respect to familiarity with current literature and the news of the world. The only apparent reason for the suppression of the newspapers is that the editors would not accept the abolition of the grand ducal office, and the arbitrary forcing of the hand beneath the rule of the Russian empire. The newspaper men in Finland, in common with most others of their craft the world over, had a decided repugnance to being muzzled and hence they are not to be allowed to have any voice in public affairs at all. It is hard to believe that the present Czar of Russia, who has the reputation of being an enlightened, humane, and progressive man, could be a willing party to such cruel, unjust, and tyrannical procedure. One explanation of it is that the Czar is not so absolute a ruler as we are accustomed to believe, but the unwilling instrument often of an ancient bureaucracy, which harks back in all its traditions, instincts, and principles to the autocratic ideas and methods of mediæval times. Before this spirit even the Czar himself must yield. It is charitable, at least, to believe that this is the true situation.



## PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

UNLESS SOME slip occurs betwixt the "cup and the lip," when the Illinois Legislature convenes for its

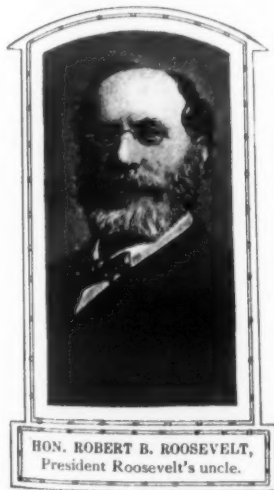


HON. ALBERT J. HOPKINS,  
Illinois' probable new Senator.

next session it will choose the Hon. Albert J. Hopkins as a representative from that State in the upper house at Washington. Mr. Hopkins was endorsed by the recent Republican State Convention at Springfield, and also has the support of his party generally throughout Illinois, and his election to the Senate is now regarded as a foregone conclusion. The prize has not been won, however, without a lively contest, in which Mr. Hopkins had such strong and brilliant competitors as ex-Comptroller Daves, Congressman Hitt, and Senator Mason, all of them standing high in their party. But no one of these men has served the State and the nation longer or more faithfully than Mr. Hopkins and none is more worthy of preferment. He has been a member of the House of Representatives for eighteen years, where his course has been conspicuous for dignity, ability, diligence, and faithfulness to the highest public interests. Mr. Hopkins is a native of Illinois, where he was born in 1846. He is a graduate of Hillsdale College and a lawyer by profession. His first public office was that of State's attorney of Kane County, 1872-6. He entered Congress in 1885 as a Representative from the eighth Illinois district. His home is at Aurora.

IN VISITING different countries, most travelers are disposed to take the tourists' usual routes, like the Cathedral route through England. Few visit, therefore, the unknown and unexplored regions. In Porto Rico, the usual route of the tourists is "around the island." The representatives of missionary societies are often pioneers in going to the places avoided by the many. This has again been illustrated in an exploring tour through Porto Rico by the Rev. C. J. Ryder, D.D., of New York, secretary of the American Missionary Association. He went to Porto Rico to study the people and the conditions. Over some mountain trails that he passed, not a single American had ever passed except some United States detectives. Secretary Ryder visited every mission in the island, of every denomination, and says that no one can exaggerate the need and value of missionary work there; that the necessity of it is appalling. He went through dozens of the public schools and commends them, the chief, if not the only, discount on them being their inadequate numbers. There are 250,000 children of school age, whereas, if all the public schools were crowded to the doors, there are accommodations for only 60,000. There is but little hope of securing in such schools more than 50,000 children, or one-fifth of the total. Hence, there are 200,000 neglected children, fit subjects for missionary work, a species of work in which the American Missionary Association, representing Congregational churches, has been a pioneer and leader among the negroes of the South and the Highlanders of the Southern mountains, and also the Indians. Dr. Lindsey, the United States Superintendent of Education in Porto Rico, said to Secretary Ryder: "There is abundant room for your work and that of every other Christian organization."

WHILE THERE is not the slightest prospect of any "little rift within the lute" of the harmony existing between President Roosevelt and his near relatives, it is a known fact that the famous



HON. ROBERT B. ROOSEVELT,  
President Roosevelt's uncle.

uncle of the President, Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt, the banker and former minister to the Netherlands, has held a decidedly different opinion from that of his illustrious nephew in regard to the attitude which America ought to take on the Boer war question. He was in favor of American intervention and is a leading spirit in the American Society of Freedom, specially constituted to influence Congress in view of bringing about that result. "Uncle Bob," as he is called, is a modern Izaak Walton, and quite as fond of outdoor life as his strenuous kinsman in the White House. Many years ago Mr. Roosevelt became interested in field sports and was active in the promotion of clubs and societies for the protection and preservation of game. He was formerly

president of the International Association for the Protection of Game, and was the father of the law providing for the appointment of a fishery commission in New York State. He was president of that commission for nearly twenty years. He has always been a Democrat in national politics and has served one term in Congress: He was one of the committee of seventy that helped to break up the Tweed Ring.

IN A personal sketch of John Hay, our present gifted and brilliant Secretary of State, included in his recent book, "Men and Memories," John Russell Young thus writes of him when Hay first appeared at Washington as Lincoln's secretary. "A comely young man with peach-bloom face, old-fashioned speech, smooth, low-toned, quick in comprehension, sententious, reserved, a touch of sadness in his temperament, this world being a serious business, each day's work requiring the doing of it. He was given to verses, had the personal attractiveness as well as the youth of Byron, was what Byron might have been, grounded in good principles and with the wholesome discipline of home."

IN THE estimation of M. Augustin Filon, the eminent French critic, who has the voice of authority in mat-



MR. ARTHUR W. PINERO,  
The famous English playwright.

ters theatrical, Arthur Pinero is ranked along with Henry Arthur Jones and Sydney Grundy as the three most prominent English dramatic authors of recent days. To these three we owe, it is said, the renaissance of the drama which marked the period between 1888 and 1894. Pinero began life as an actor and wrote a number of bright and witty farces which brought him many pounds sterling and much local fame before he aspired to a higher and more artistic line of effort. Then followed "The Profligate," "Lady Bountiful," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," and "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," all "problem plays," which have had each a successful run on the English and American stages. Later still than these have come another type, or a return to the original fantasy, as evidenced in "The Princess and the Butterfly" and "The Gay Lord Quex," both gaining a strong hold, for a time, at least, upon the popular fancy. But the question rises with many, would it not have been better for Pinero and for the cause of dramatic art as well if the author had kept up to the higher level.

WHILE THE business from which the little principality of Monaco derives nearly all its income and



PRINCESS ALICE OF MONACO,  
A notable woman.

which has made it notorious throughout the civilized world is justly regarded with extreme aversion by moral and religious people generally, strange to say no part of the odium arising from Monte Carlo's gambling halls seems to attach itself to the character and fair name of the Princess of Monaco in the courts of Europe. In fact, the princess is said to be a thoroughly charming woman and much beloved wherever she is known. She began life as the daughter of one of France's great Jewish bankers. When still in her teens, marriage made her bear one of the oldest and proudest names in "la belle France," and as the widowed Duchesse de Richelieu she became the second wife of the then heir-apparent to the sovereign of Monaco. Princess Alice has traveled much and is a constant visitor to England, where, indeed, she made her social debut as a young girl at Holland House. When acting as châtelaine in the splendid old castle of Monaco, she holds a

kind of court, to which admission is freely granted to those foreigners who bring with them proper credentials. Curiously enough, though not entirely royal, the Grimaldi dynasty is one of the very oldest in Europe, and the Prince and Princess of Monaco are always treated as royal personages by the reigning sovereigns of Europe.

IN THIS expansive and progressive country, where we are too prone to look upon advanced age as a disadvantage in some things

and a mark of backwardness and antiquated ideas, it is a noteworthy fact that no such feeling attaches itself to the old and venerable educational institution at Brunswick, Maine, which celebrates its centennial on June 26th. This is owing partly to the fact that in spite of its hundred years Bowdoin maintains the vigor and freshness of its youth and also its rank and prestige as one of the best equipped and most successfully administered colleges in the land. In all its long, useful, and honored history it has never been so strong and prosperous as under the administration of Dr. William De Witt Hyde, who has been president of Bowdoin since 1885. When Dr. Hyde assumed control he was only twenty-seven years old and became generally known as "the boy president." But in this case, as in many others, the new executive proved that it was no crime to be a young man, but that youthful vigor and ambition, combined with brains and eminent ability as an educator, were just what the institution needed, for from that day to this Bowdoin has increased more and more in the number of its students and in its power and influence. Dr. Hyde is still in the prime of health and strength, and is known throughout the land as a man of independent and progressive ideas, as the author of several stimulating and notable books, and a prominent figure in religious, educational, and philanthropic movements of the day.



WM. DE WITT HYDE, LL.D.,  
President of Bowdoin College.

WHILE THE late Cecil Rhodes, diamond king and empire builder, did not pose as a philosopher, nor even as a man of learning, he had far more than ordinary insight and shrewdness, as his career showed, and some of the sententious utterances that fell from his lips are well worthy of quotation. "Life is too short, after all," he used to say, "to worry about previous lives. From the cradle to the grave—what is it? Three days at the seaside. Just that and nothing more. But although it is only three days we must be doing something. I cannot spend my time throwing stones into the water. But what is worth while doing?" When asked how he proposed to carry his Cape-to-Cairo telegraph across the Soudan, which was then under the dominion of the Khalifa, he replied: "Oh, leave it to me. I never met men yet that I could not come to an agreement with, and I shall be able to fix things up with the Khalifa right enough when the time comes." This is the germ of the fiction that credited Mr. Rhodes with having declared that he never met a man he could not buy. "I say that the day will come when the wars of the world will be tariff wars; that is going to be the future policy of the world." "It is no use for us to have big ideas if we have not got the money to carry them out," Rhodes once remarked to General Gordon.

JOSEF HOFMANN, the pianist, has secured a patent for an improvement of the steam-engine. Strangely enough, this wonderful young musician is an expert machinist, and has already secured two patents for mechanical appliances at Washington.

NO ECCLESIASTICAL appointment under the government of the Church of England, outside of Eng-

land itself, carries with it a larger burden of responsibilities than that of the bishop of Calcutta, India. The diocese is densely populated with a great mixture of races and religious sects and the difficulties encountered by the leaders of the Christian churches are peculiar and often very great. The present bishop of Calcutta is the Right Rev. Reginald Stephen Copleston, who was called to succeed Bishop Welldon not long since. Dr. Copleston was born in 1845 and was educated at the Merchant Tailors' School and at Merton College. His advancement in the church has been so rapid that he has been called the "boy bishop." He has decided views and can fight for them. He is married to a daughter of the late Archbishop Trench. Previous to his present appointment he was bishop of Lahore for over twenty-five years.



RT. REV. STEPHEN COPLESTON,  
The "boy bishop" of Calcutta.





A STRANGE CAPRICE OF THE GREAT VOLCANIC STORM.  
IN THE OVERWHELMING DESTRUCTION OF FIRE AND SUPERHEATED ASHES THE FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF ST. PIERRE'S  
CITY HALL CONTINUES TO FLOW.—Copyright, 1902.





THE CLOCK WHICH RECORDED THE FATAL MINUTE OF ST. PIERRE'S DOOM.  
WHEN THE VOLCANO'S DEADLY BLAST SWEEPED THE CITY THE COURT-HOUSE CLOCK STOPPED AT TEN MINUTES OF EIGHT.  
*Photographed by our special photographer, Walter M. St. Elmo, of the Naval Service, Porto Rico. Copyright, 1902, by Judge Co.*



# Most Fatal and Frightful Disaster of Our Times

AN EYE-WITNESS TELLS OF THE TERRIBLE SCENES IN MARTINIQUE AND ST. VINCENT

By S. S. McKee, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, May 19.

THE DESTRUCTION of human life wrought by the volcanic eruptions in the West Indies is so tremendous that the sensibilities of people are stunned. The aggregate of suffering is so enormous that the mind cannot grasp it all at once. Here in Fort de France, where a murder would cause a great sensation, filling many of the people with excitement, they now wear a calmness of demeanor that seems unnatural when one thinks that right on the same little island and only a few miles away from them thirty thousand persons have perished in the greatest agony, the most cruel of deaths.

The horror of this overwhelming calamity can be understood best when individual cases of suffering are singled out and described. On the island of St. Vincent, where sixteen hundred were killed and many were fearfully wounded by fire, I saw some things so pathetic that I hope I may never look upon such scenes again. From all directions the maimed, bandaged, creeping and limping victims of the volcano's fire were coming into Kingstown. I saw a native and his wife, both of them blistered and swollen with the flames that swept from La Soufrière, walking slowly along, leading a little burro. On the burro's back was a large basket and in this three little children. They were burned so horribly that at first I could scarcely tell what they were. Yet they were still alive and the poor father and mother hoped to get them into Kingstown so that they might be saved. The father told me that he had had five little children when he had started out from his home toward Kingstown, and that on the way two of them had died. He and his wife had stopped to bury them and had then moved slowly forward with the three which still lived. The burro was blistered, too, and limped with his wounds. And when I thought that on the island of St. Vincent and on the island of Martinique there were thousands of such situations of the bitterest suffering I began to realize the fearful extent, the horror, which two great volcanoes had suddenly inflicted on a happy people.

Captain Freeman, of the *Roddam*, the English vessel which escaped from St. Pierre harbor, who was himself horribly burned and is convalescing at Castries, St. Lucia, tells what is probably the most authentic story of the fall of St. Pierre, and his disfigured face, hands, arms, and chest bear witness to his terrible struggle on that fateful morning, May 8th. The captain was on the deck of the *Roddam* when he saw a whirling dark cloud coming. In almost no time at all, he says, the cloud had left the mountain top, swept over the city, and out to sea. It was followed by a suffocating gas which seemed to draw the lungs out of one, and then a sheet of flame enveloped the city. All was over within six minutes.

In between three and six minutes every building in the city was wrecked, covering 25,000 of the 30,000 dead, and the streets were heaped from one to six feet in depth with building stones and the dust from the mountain. The huge sheet of flame vomited out from the volcano, which had been so quiet for over fifty years that the crater was a popular picnic ground, set fire to the city, already in ruins, and nearly all the woodwork, beams, rafters, etc., were burned before night.

Captain Freeman's men were struck down, excepting those in the engine room. Seventeen men were instantly suffocated, standing as they were, rope in hand. The cook was stricken in the act of kneading a loaf of bread. The only thing that saved the *Roddam* from destruction with all on board was her iron deck. The other ships in the harbor were on fire before the *Roddam* was under way. With nearly all his crew dead, Captain Freeman made his way through the choking, blinding dust forward. The ship's ropes and rigging were carried away, and he, himself, was so frightfully burned that he had to make his way to the anchor windlass more by the sense of knowing his way than by sight. He managed to slip the anchor cables and to guide the boat out of the roadstead into the open sea and finally down to St. Lucia. How he did it no one knows, not even Captain Freeman himself. He stood at the wheel with his chest burned by the flame and hot, gritty sand; his face was a horrible blister. The flesh was stripped from his hands and forearms. The *Roddam's* deck was eight inches deep with the dust, erroneously called lava (no lava has yet come out of Pelée). It appears more like pulverized stone than melted stone. It is like Portland cement. Analyzed, it is composed partly of sulphur and saltpetre.

To one who has not visited St. Pierre in its ruins, it is impossible for words to convey any idea at all of the terrible destruction. The cloud of gas and fire and sand swept over the city so quickly that of those rescued from the ships none were blinded. One poor man, who is yet in the hospital and may live, has all his face burned away except his eyes. One charred body was found with a pair of gold spectacles unharmed on its nose. A bird was found in its cage, dead, but with its gorgeously colored feathers untouched. Copper coins in private safes melted and ran together as molten copper; others were simply heated. Account-books were found in a demolished house with unscorched pages. I was in the ruins five days after the catastrophe before any attempt had been made to burn or bury bodies. There were thousands on the streets, lying across each other and in heaps. Many were thrown down on their backs with legs and arms stretched out. Many lay on their stom-

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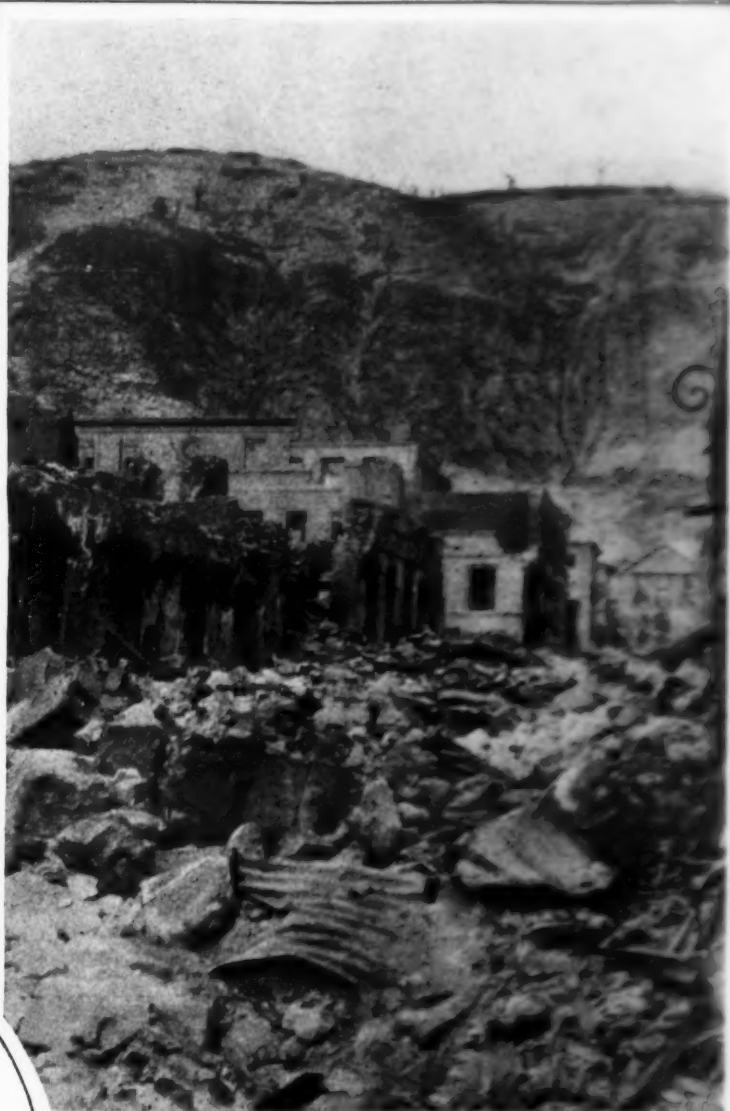
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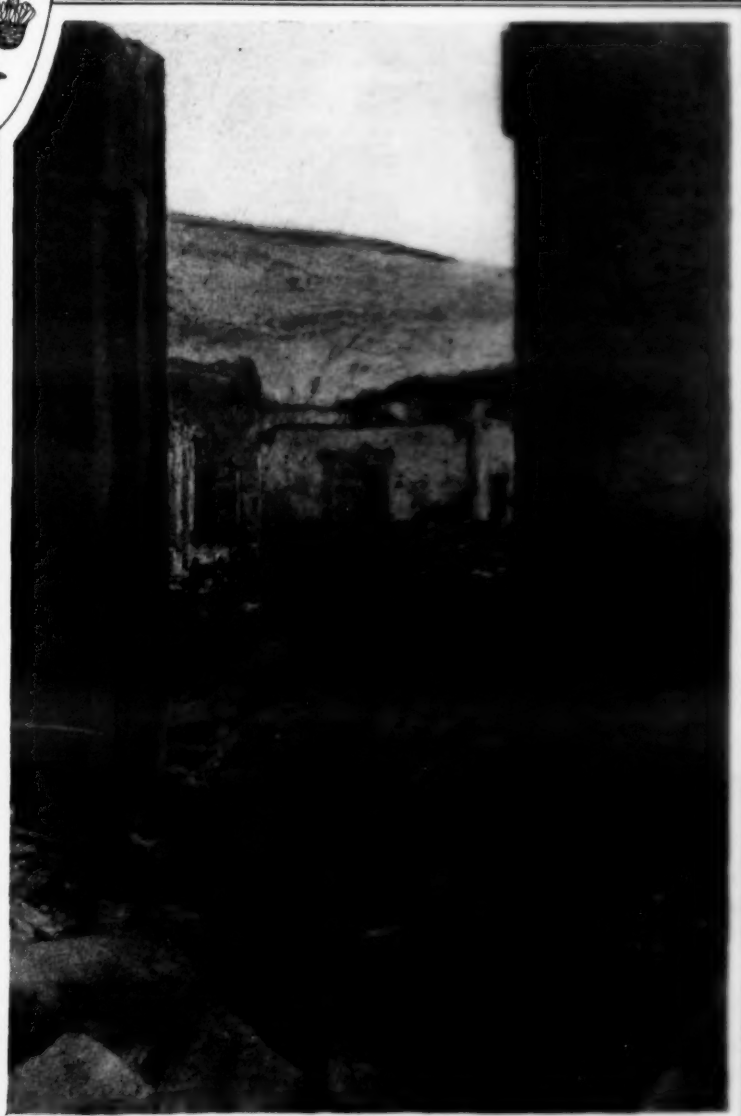
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A STRANGE CAPRICE OF THE GREAT VOLCANIC STORM.  
IN THE OVERWHELMING DESTRUCTION OF FIRE AND SUPERHEATED ASHES THE FOUNTAIN IN FRONT OF ST. PIERRE'S  
CITY HALL CONTINUES TO FLOW.—Copyright, 1902.





THE CLOCK WHICH RECORDED THE FATAL MINUTE OF ST. PIERRE'S DOOM.  
WHEN THE VOLCANO'S DEADLY BLAST SWEEPED THE CITY THE COURT-HOUSE CLOCK STOPPED AT TEN MINUTES OF EIGHT.  
*Photographed by our special photographer, Walter M. St. Elmo, of the Naval Service, Porto Rico. Copyright, 1902, by Judge Co.*



# Most Fatal and Frightful Disaster of Our Times

AN EYE-WITNESS TELLS OF THE TERRIBLE SCENES IN MARTINIQUE AND ST. VINCENT

By S. S. McKee, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

FORT DE FRANCE, MARTINIQUE, May 19.

THE DESTRUCTION of human life wrought by the volcanic eruptions in the West Indies is so tremendous that the sensibilities of people are stunned. The aggregate of suffering is so enormous that the mind cannot grasp it all at once. Here in Fort de France, where a murder would cause a great sensation, filling many of the people with excitement, they now wear a calmness of demeanor that seems unnatural when one thinks that right on the same little island and only a few miles away from them thirty thousand persons have perished in the greatest agony, the most cruel of deaths.

The horror of this overwhelming calamity can be understood best when individual cases of suffering are singled out and described. On the island of St. Vincent, where sixteen hundred were killed and many were fearfully wounded by fire, I saw some things so pathetic that I hope I may never look upon such scenes again. From all directions the maimed, bandaged, creeping and limping victims of the volcano's fire were coming into Kingstown. I saw a native and his wife, both of them blistered and swollen with the flames that swept from La Soufrière, walking slowly along, leading a little burro. On the burro's back was a large basket and in this three little children. They were burned so horribly that at first I could scarcely tell what they were. Yet they were still alive and the poor father and mother hoped to get them into Kingstown so that they might be saved. The father told me that he had had five little children when he had started out from his home toward Kingstown, and that on the way two of them had died. He and his wife had stopped to bury them and had then moved slowly forward with the three which still lived. The burro was blistered, too, and limped with his wounds. And when I thought that on the island of St. Vincent and on the island of Martinique there were thousands of such situations of the bitterest suffering I began to realize the fearful extent, the horror, which two great volcanoes had suddenly inflicted on a happy people.

Captain Freeman, of the *Roddam*, the English vessel which escaped from St. Pierre harbor, who was himself horribly burned and is convalescing at Castries, St. Lucia, tells what is probably the most authentic story of the fall of St. Pierre, and his disfigured face, hands, arms, and chest bear witness to his terrible struggle on that fateful morning, May 8th. The captain was on the deck of the *Roddam* when he saw a whirling dark cloud coming. In almost no time at all, he says, the cloud had left the mountain top, swept over the city, and out to sea. It was followed by a suffocating gas which seemed to draw the lungs out of one, and then a sheet of flame enveloped the city. All was over within six minutes.

In between three and six minutes every building in the city was wrecked, covering 25,000 of the 30,000 dead, and the streets were heaped from one to six feet in depth with building stones and the dust from the mountain. The huge sheet of flame vomited out from the volcano, which had been so quiet for over fifty years that the crater was a popular picnic ground, set fire to the city, already in ruins, and nearly all the woodwork, beams, rafters, etc., were burned before night.

Captain Freeman's men were struck down, excepting those in the engine room. Seventeen men were instantly suffocated, standing as they were, rope in hand. The cook was stricken in the act of kneading a loaf of bread. The only thing that saved the *Roddam* from destruction with all on board was her iron deck. The other ships in the harbor were on fire before the *Roddam* was under way. With nearly all his crew dead, Captain Freeman made his way through the choking, blinding dust forward. The ship's ropes and rigging were carried away, and he, himself, was so frightfully burned that he had to make his way to the anchor windlass more by the sense of knowing his way than by sight. He managed to slip the anchor cables and to guide the boat out of the roadstead into the open sea and finally down to St. Lucia. How he did it no one knows, not even Captain Freeman himself. He stood at the wheel with his chest burned by the flame and hot, gritty sand; his face was a horrible blister. The flesh was stripped from his hands and forearms. The *Roddam's* deck was eight inches deep with the dust, erroneously called lava (no lava has yet come out of Pelée). It appears more like pulverized stone than melted stone. It is like Portland cement. Analyzed, it is composed partly of sulphur and saltpetre.

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ENGLISH CHURCH IN GEORGETOWN, NINE MILES FROM THE VOLCANO, WHICH NARROWLY ESCAPED DESTRUCTION.



HOSPITAL AT GEORGETOWN—BUILDING WITH ARCHED ENTRANCE, WHERE FIFTY WOUNDED SUFFERERS, AWAITING MEDICAL AID, LAY ON THE FLOOR FIVE DAYS.



PARTY OF NATIVES OF ST. VINCENT BURYING THE DEAD ON THE FIRE-SWEPT FIELD SEVEN MILES FROM LA SOUFRIÈRE.

### ST. VINCENT'S AWFUL DESOLATION.

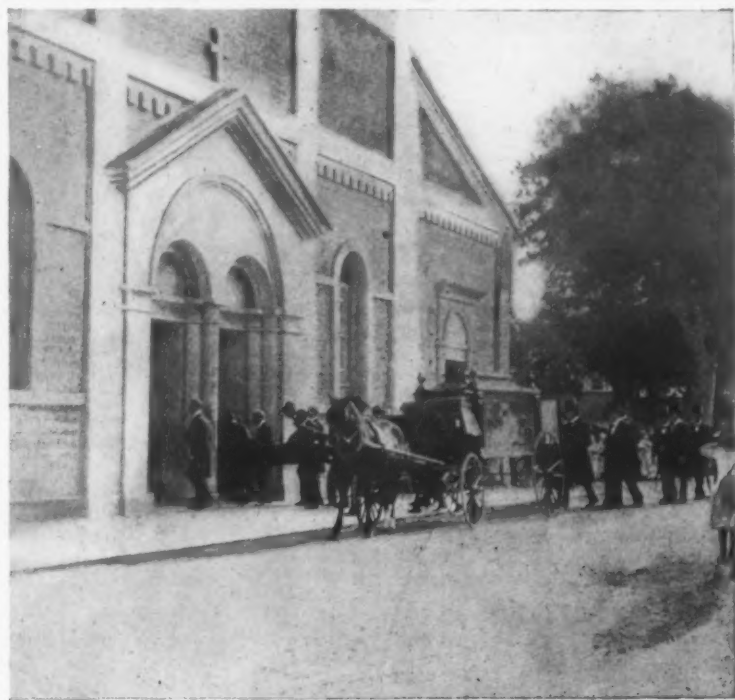
IN THE PATH OF LA SOUFRIÈRE'S VOLCANIC FLOOD, WHERE DEVASTATION AND LOSS OF LIFE WERE FEARFUL.

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FUNERAL, AT ST. LUCIA, OF A VICTIM OF THE ST. PIERRE CATASTROPHE.  
Copyright, 1902.



CARRYING THE REMAINS OF JOSEPH PLESSONEAU, ANOTHER VICTIM, INTO THE CHURCH AT ST. LUCIA.—Copyright, 1902.



OFFICERS FROM THE UNITED STATES SHIP "POTOMAC" LOOKING FOR THE BODY OF UNITED STATES CONSUL PRENTIS IN THE RUINS OF THE AMERICAN CONSULATE.  
St. Elmo. Copyright, 1902, by Judge Co.

### MOURNING FOR THE VOLCANO'S VICTIMS.

THE UNTOLD GRIEF OF THOSE WHOSE DEAR ONES WERE LOST IN THE APPALLING DISASTER.



# New York City's Floating Villages

By T. Dorr

STRANGELY ENOUGH, two floating villages constituted a part of rushing, busy, crowded New York City during the past winter. The opening of the season of canal navigation has caused the dispersal of the dwellings and inhabitants of these two interesting villages. One of these was formed by a collection of hundreds of tenanted canal-boats laid up for the winter in Coenties Slip, in the East River, and the other by a similar aggregation in the Erie Basin, in South Brooklyn. These comprised most of the boats which happened to be in this vicinity when navigation closed last fall and put them out of business. At each of the places of refuge the boats were squeezed in together as snugly as possible, and the owners and their families remained on board during the idle period of about five months, forming a colony of men, women and children who were a little world by themselves.

These winter colonies of the "canalers" are of annual recurrence. Breaking up in the spring, they are renewed in the autumn. The people of these peculiar communities soon become well acquainted with each other. They institute a social life which is as complete and as active as that of any small settlement. They visit back and forth; aid one another in sickness and trouble; have their dinner parties and other festive occasions, and seem to be as cheerful and contented in their floating homes as are most persons in abodes on shore. Accustomed to straitened quarters and existence on the water, they do not find their winter experience as dreary as might be supposed. Their ideas of home are mainly associated with life in a cabin. The men who have not

prospered during the summer usually manage to pick up some work and earn something toward household expenses. The other men spend their time reading, visiting, or in other diversions. The women are as busy as ever, for there is never a dull season for the wife and mother. The young men and women, of course, find pleasure in each other's society here as elsewhere. The children who are large enough go to school somewhere ashore and the smaller ones find plenty of romping room on the empty boats. An occasional ball is held in the hold of some vessel, which is fitted up, lighted, and decorated for the purpose, and these people also patronize the theatres and other places of entertainment. Missions on shore, where there are reading rooms and where they receive religious and other instruction, attract many of them.

The general testimony of those familiar with them is that these floating communities average quite as high as the same number of persons in almost any other class of workers. While there are evil individuals among them, the majority are respectable and industrious, many are God-fearing, and they are not lacking in intelligence and refinement. While the cabins are not larger than the proverbial Harlem flat, containing only three or four moderate-sized rooms, yet they are usually furnished comfortably, if not expensively. The windows of some of them are draped with lace curtains, and flowering plants are much affected. The parlors are carpeted and boast of good furniture; pictures adorn the walls and there are well-filled shelves of books. Stoves of the most approved pattern warm

the cabins so that in the coldest weather these are cozy and attractive. The children are healthy and sturdy and they seem to get much enjoyment out of life. They have their pets—dogs and cats—and the close order of the boats gives them a considerable surface over which they can disport themselves.

Notwithstanding the boats sway much with the tide, few accidents happen in the colony. Sometimes a reckless youngster falls overboard, but usually he is quickly rescued by willing and practiced hands. The deaths, of which some occur every winter, are mostly due to natural causes. Funeral rites over any deceased person are performed on shore, at some mission or undertaker's shop. Marriages also take place ashore in the common formal fashion.

The floating village of New York City is an interesting sight when in full swing on a favorable day, with its hundreds of cabins just appearing above the decks, with smoke pouring from the petty chimneys, with lines of washing flapping in the breeze, groups of men gathered here and there, discussing matters of interest to them, and the children running about laughing and shouting in glee. It is an institution, however, which, according to pessimistic boatmen, is menaced with decline. Owing to the competition of the railroads canal boating is yearly growing less and less profitable and the number of boats is gradually decreasing. The Jeremiahs of the towpath accordingly predict, let us hope falsely, a time when there will be no longer any of the present type of canal boatmen left.

## The Immigration Menace.

THE EMINENT Austrian professor, now in this country, who recently declared in an interview that the real peril of America to-day is foreign immigration, showed that he had a more just and adequate comprehension of the true situation here than most students of American affairs, native or alien. Few imagine, as this observer truly said, what it means to have half a million or more foreigners coming here every year, most of them uneducated, and suddenly liberated from the religious, political, and social bonds under which they have lived for centuries. It was also pointed out as a most significant and portentous fact that this flow of immigration means an addition to our population of millions of children in a few years who, if neglected and allowed to grow up under adverse moral and physical conditions, will constitute themselves a fearful menace to our industrial and political institutions. The only certain and effective means of averting this peril, it was said, lies in the education and proper care of these children. These are wise and true words. What we need first of all is a more rigid immigration law, shutting out entirely the unfit, the degraded, the pauper and criminal elements, applying to other nationalities the same exclusion that we propose to apply to the Chinese, that we may have an opportunity at least to assimilate and Americanize the aliens already here.

## Where Paul Was Stoned.

THE *Pilgrim Teacher* for June, published by the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston, contains an account of the "Experience of an Archaeologist," by Professor J. R. Sitlington Sterrett, of Cornell University, the American archaeologist who discovered the site of ancient Lystra, the home of Timothy and the scene of Paul's stoning. Professor Sterrett is one of our foremost scholars and discoverers, and a man of international reputation. He says of Lystra: "A Latin inscription which I discovered locates Lystra beyond all cavil. The inscription is cut on what is usually called a *cippus*, that is, a pedestal, square on the ground plan and with mouldings at top and bottom. On this pedestal once stood the statue of the Emperor Augustus, the holes cut in the marble for the feet of the statue being still visible. The pedestal stands erect in its original position on the site of Lystra, spared by time and vandalism to tell its tale and locate the important city. As I knelt before the stone to copy the inscription and saw that I had discovered Lystra, I was filled with the joy and gladness which are the epigraphist's true reward. I knew that I was not only making a positive addition to the world's knowledge, but I felt that Paul himself had stood before that very stone, in my very tracks, and with his own eyes had read those



## What Puzzles Me

THERE'S something I'm awfully anxious to know.  
I think it's important as it can be—  
'Spose it had happened beforehand, so  
That I was somebody else but me!  
Then some other boy would be your little boy,  
And love you more than a "tongue-can-tell"—  
I wonder would he be his "muvver's" joy,  
And smooth your headaches to make 'em well?  
—'Cause I think it's funny as it can be,  
That you is you, an' me is me!

I'VE worried an' bothered for most a day,  
Termining what I should ever do  
If things should be 'ranged in a diff'rent way,  
An' you should be somebody else but you.  
You'd live in some nother place but here—  
Far away, maybe—but, anyhow,  
I'm perfectly positive, mother, dear,  
I'd love you 'actly as much as now.  
—But I think it's funny as it can be,  
That you is you, an' me is me!

IF you was somebody else but you,  
Praps we'd meet in the street some day,  
An' I'd be p'lite an' say "How-de-do?"  
An' "What a nice little boy!" you'd say.  
Then we'd walk for almost a block before  
I'd tell you just who I was—an' then  
You wouldn't be somebody else any more,  
An' I'd be your little boy again!  
—An' I think it's funny as it can be,  
That you is you, an' me is me!

BURGES JOHNSON.



identical letters which I had just copied; and with thankfulness I realized that to me alone, of all the Christian world, it was allotted to stand on the site of Lystra and view the scene where the great apostle was stoned. The mission of that stone is now fulfilled, and, so far as science is concerned, it matters little how soon it be broken up, converted into lime, or used in building a house. But for sentiment's sake it ought to grace the halls of one of Christendom's great museums."

## A Constitution for Russia.

SO BENEFICENT would be the work of giving Russia a constitutional government that every lover of free institutions will hope that the report that the Czar proposes doing this will prove true. It will be recalled that Alexander II., grandfather of the present ruler, had actually approved a plan for more liberal government drawn up by General Loris Melikoff, Minister of the Interior, in 1881. According to this plan, revision of the laws was to follow the creation of a representative assembly, and the council of state was to be, in a measure, responsible to this assembly, though when its decisions were not unanimous the ultimate resort was to be the will of the Czar. It is not improbable that Nicholas II., unable to cope with the political difficulties that beset him, has fallen back upon this scheme with all the more relief because it had the tentative approval of his grandfather. It is to be recalled that the government is chiefly in the hands of the Councillors of State, and that Czar Nicholas will be pretty sure to act in accordance with their recommendations. It is by no means improbable, while far from certain, that the present disturbing conditions of unrest are telling upon the personnel of the government.

## Body Heat

REDUCED 20 DEGREES IN SUMMER.

NEVER eat heavy, carbonaceous foods for the morning meal, for these foods should follow and not precede hard work.

The best morning foundation is Grape-Nuts and cream, a little fruit, a cup of Postum Food Coffee, and possibly a couple of eggs prepared to suit the taste—this breakfast is sufficient to satisfy the hardest worker, either of brain or muscle, until the noonday meal.

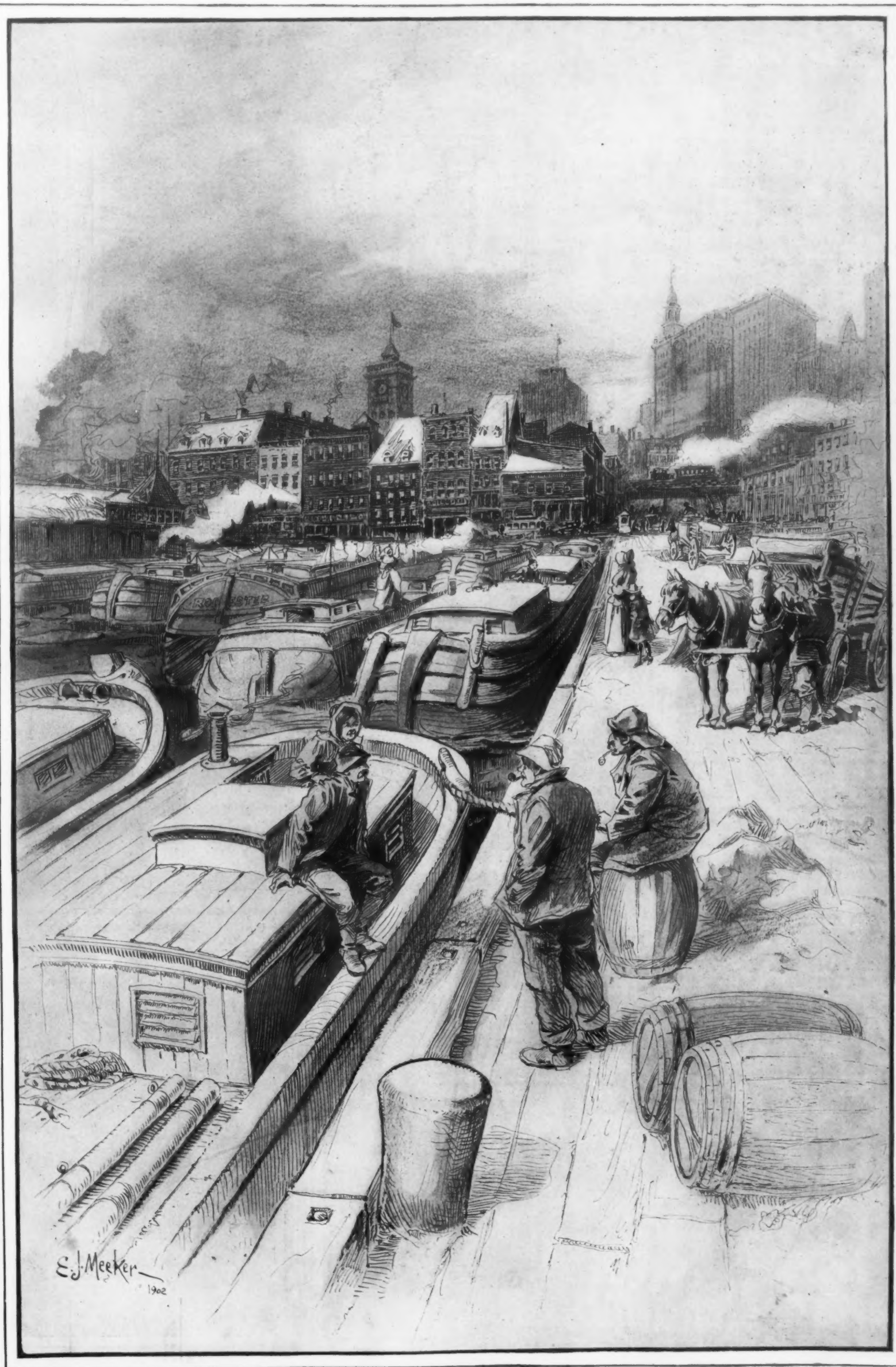
Particularly is this true at the present season of the year, when meat and other fatty foods increase the internal heat of the body and make the summer day still more disagreeable.

Grape-Nuts come to you from the grocer ready to serve, having been fully cooked at the factory by food experts, and this saving in time and exertion is appreciated by the housewife, as well as the economy, for being a concentrated food, four teaspoonfuls is sufficient for the cereal part of a meal for one person and costs only one cent.

A booklet of excellent recipes is found in each package of Grape-Nuts, from which many easy and delicious warm-weather dishes can be made for luncheon and supper that are not only nutritious but pleasing to the palate.

A trial of the above selection of food for ten days will prove to any one that health and vigor, an active mind and a keen enjoyment of the pleasures of summer, will take the place of poor digestion, a dull brain, and that heavy, draggy feeling caused by improper food during the hot weather.





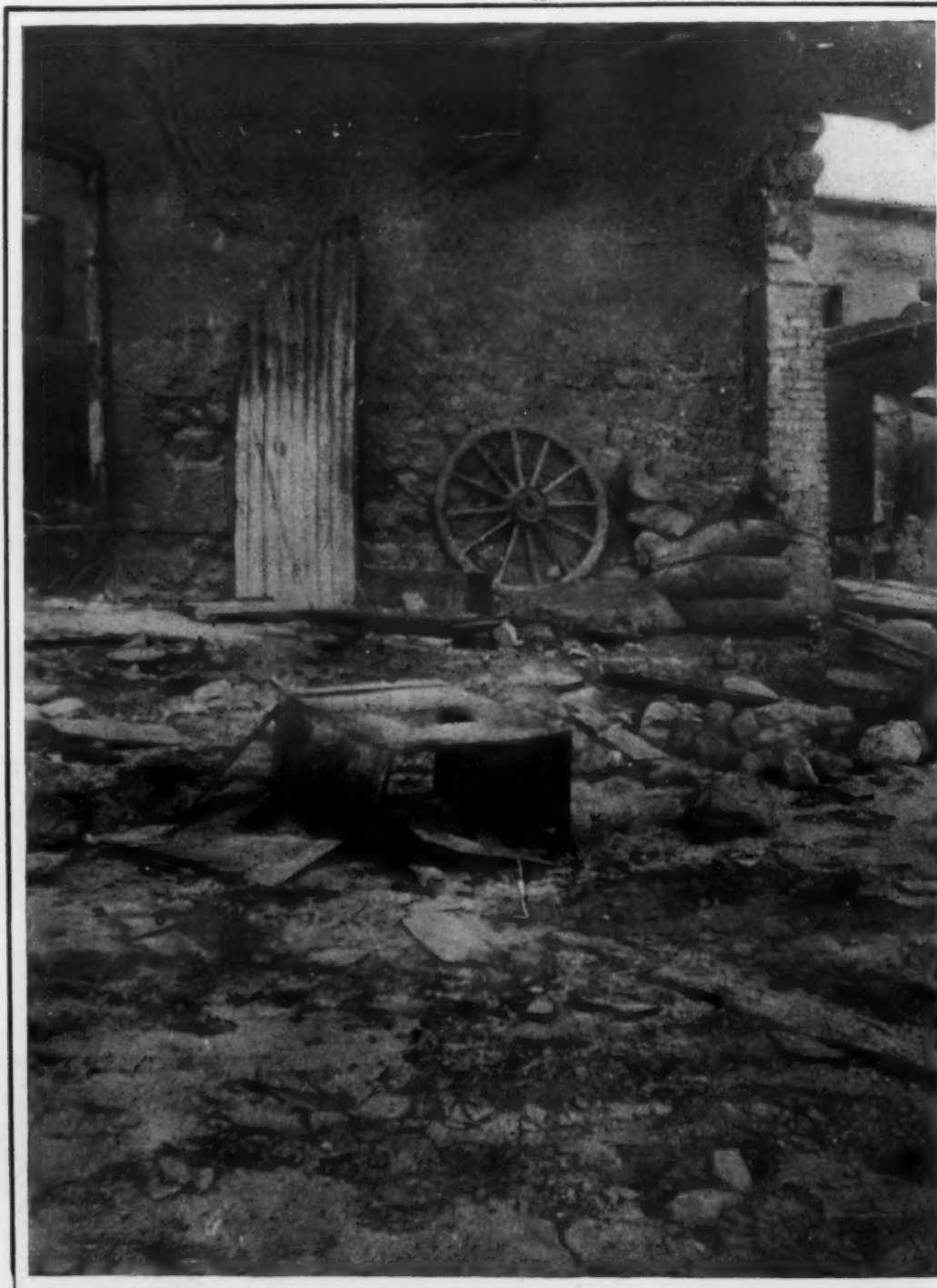
QUEER FLOATING VILLAGE IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

CANAL-BARGES MOORED DURING THE WINTER AT NEW YORK DOCKS ABOUT TO START OUT FOR THE SUMMER'S BUSINESS.—Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by E. J. Meeker.





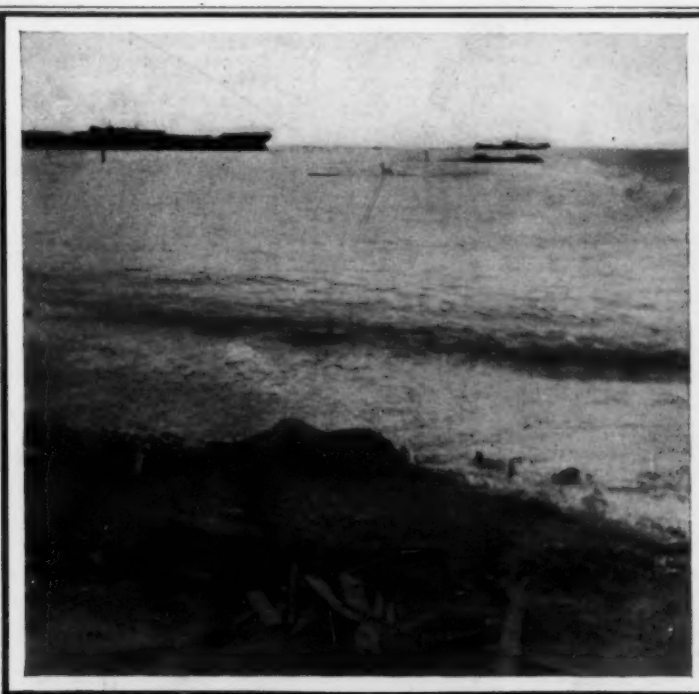
REMARKABLE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS OF MONT PELEE IN ERUPTION, TAKEN FROM THE DECK OF A VESSEL IN THE HARBOR, SHOWING THE CONTINUOUS OUTPOUR OF BLACK SMOKE, DEADLY GAS, AND



GHOUISH LOOTERS IN ST. PIERRE—A SAFE BROKEN OPEN AND ROBBED IN A WRECKED PROVISION HOUSE.  
St. Elmo. Copyright, 1902, Judge Co.



THE GATE OF ST. PIERRE'S HOSPITAL—THE CLOCK OVER THE ENTRANCE STOPPED AT THE TIME OF THE DISASTER—COPYRIGHT, 1902, JUDGE CO.



WRECK OF THE BURNING "RORAIMA," AN ITALIAN BARK AND SAILING VESSEL, IN ST. PIERRE HARBOR—AT THE WATER'S EDGE THE CHARRED BODY OF A "RORAIMA" FIREMAN.—St. Elmo Copyright, 1902, Judge Co.

ALL

THE MOST DEADLY AND APPALLING  
THE AWFUL NATURE OF THE CATASTROPHE AT ST. PIERRE, WHICH SHOCKED TH

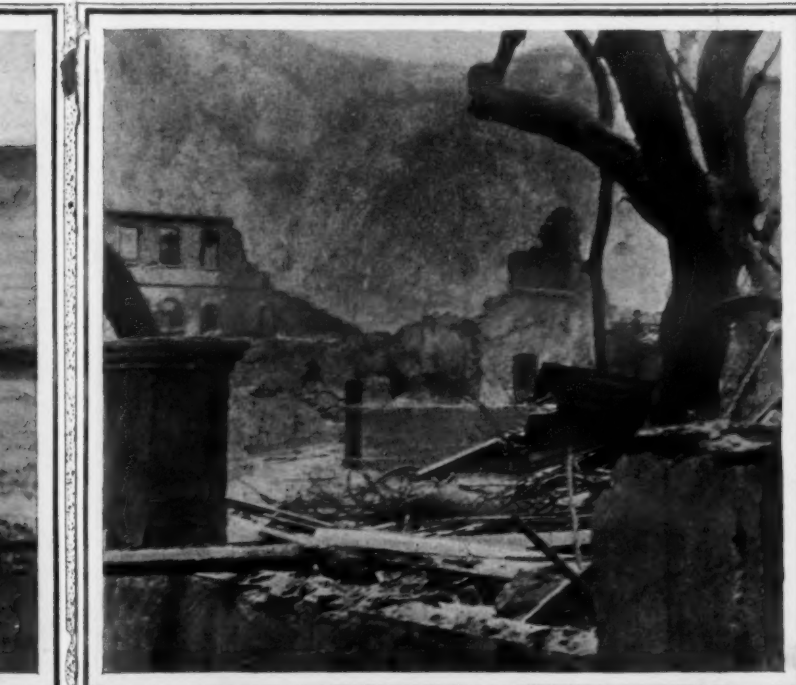




...KE, DEADLY GAS, AND ASHES, AND CONTINUING SEVERAL DAYS.—Photographed by our special photographer, Walter M. St. Elmo, of the Naval Service, Porto Rico. Copyright, 1902, by Judge Co.



...R THE ENTRANCE STOPPED WHEN THE FIRST BLAST OF THE VOLCANO SWEEP  
...ILL-FATED CITY.—Copyright, 1902.



ALL THAT REMAINS OF ONE OF ST. PIERRE'S HANDSOMEST RESIDENCE SECTIONS,  
OCCUPANTS OF WHICH WERE BURIED BENEATH THE RUINS.  
Copyright, 1902.



THE COURT OF ST. PIERRE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL HOTEL, LA INTENDENCIA, AFTER THE VOLCANIC OUTBREAK.  
St. Elmo. Copyright, 1902, Judge Co.

ALLING CALAMITY OF MODERN TIMES.

...OCKED THE WHOLE WORLD, IS DISCLOSED BY PHOTOGRAPHS OF ITS ACTUAL SCENES.



# The Way Home

By Norman Duncan



"BAGG."

IN TWO PARTS.—PART TWO.

OFF SHORE, four miles off shore, Bagg and Joy were foot- ing it for England as fast as their skinny little legs would carry them. The way was hard—a winding, uneven path over the pack; it led round clumpers, over ridges which were hard to scale, and across broad, slippery pans. The frost had glued every fragment to its neighbor; for the moment the pack formed one solid mass, continuous and at rest, but the connection between its parts was of the slenderest, needing only a change of the wind or the ground swell of the sea to break it everywhere. The moon was up. It was half ob- scured by a haze which was driving

out from the shore, to which quarter the wind had now fairly veered. The wind was rising—coming in gusts, in which, soon, flakes of snow appeared. But there was light enough to keep to the general direction out from the coast, and the wind but helped Bagg and Joy along.

"Urry up, Joy," said Bagg, who was in the lead.

"I'm a-urrying," said Joy. "Take notice."

"Can't yer go any faster?" cried Bagg. "I'm in 'aste t' get 'ome."

They were elated—highly elated; for they thought that their old home was but a night's journey distant, at most, not more than a night and a day, and they had more than food enough in their pockets to last through that. They were elated; but from time to time a cer- tain regret entered in, and it was not easily cast out. They remembered the touch of Aunt Ruth's lips, and her arm, which had often stole about them in the dusk; and they remembered that Uncle Ezekiel had beamed upon them most affectionately, in times of mischief and good works alike. They had been well loved in Ragged Harbor.

"Wisht we'd told Aunt Ruth," said Bagg.

Joy looked back; in vaguest outline he saw the rocks of Ragged Harbor, the Pillar and the Staff, far back, whence they had come. Their form, their place in the long, jagged coast line, he had learned in the mist and dusk of those days he had spent with Ezekiel Rideout on the grounds off Mad Mull, keeping the head of the punt up to the wind. Often, on such days, he had longed to be safely through the tickle to the quiet waters of the harbor.

"Why didn't yer speak sooner," he snarled.

The ice was now drifting out; but the wind had not yet risen to that measure of strength wherewith it tears the pack to pieces, nor had the sea attacked it. There was a gap of two hundred yards between the coast rocks and the edge of the ice, but that was far, far back, and hidden from sight. The pack was drifting slowly, smoothly, still in one compact mass; its motion was not felt by Bagg and Joy, who pressed steadily on toward England, eager again, but fast growing weary.

"I say," said Joy, "what's the bally 'urrying? It can't be fur now. Let's 'ave a rest."

Thereupon Joy sat down. "What's up?" said Bagg. "Yer 'aven't fagged out, 'ave yer?"

"Legs," said Joy.

"I knowed yer 'ad bad knees when I first seen them legs," said Bagg with a sigh.

"Aren't no 'urrying," said Joy. "We're near acrost."

While they rested thus, the wind gathered strength. It went singing over the pack, pressing, ever with a stronger hand, upon its clumpers and ridges—pushing it, everywhere, faster and faster out to sea. The pack was on the point of breaking in pieces under the strain, but the wind still fell short of the power to rend it. There was a greater volume of snow falling; it was driven past in thin, swirling clouds. Hence the light of the moon began to fail. Far away, at the rim of the pack, the sea was eating its way in, but the swish and crash of its work was too far distant to be heard.

"Aw, come on, Joy," said Bagg. "I'm gettin' cold a-sittin' 'ere."

On they went, the wind lending them wings; but at last Joy's legs gave out at the knees again, and they sat down to rest. This was in the lee of a clumper, where they were com- fortably sheltered. They were still warm—in a glow of heat, indeed—and their hope was still with them; so far they had suffered from nothing save weariness. So Bagg began to dream of what he would do when he got home, just as all men do when

they come near, once again, to that old place where they were born. The wind was now a gale, blowing furiously; the pack was groaning in its outlying parts.

"I say, Joy," said Bagg, "what yer think you'll do when yer get 'ome?"

"Nothink much," said Joy.

"Won't yer, now?" said Bagg.

Then a silence. "Bagg," said Joy, "what did young Flynt call us when we was took by the 'Sociation?"

"Joy," said Bagg, "I should blush t' say it. It was disgustink."

"What was the words, Bagg?"

"'E said we was two knock-kneed young—I can't tell yer, Joy," said Bagg, in a mock-serious way. "Please excuse me. It was reely too disgustink."

"Bagg," said Joy, "let's 'urrying on. I'll 'tend t' that blue-nosed young cad when I catch 'im to-mor—"

Joy stopped dead, terror stricken. Bagg caught his arm. They had heard the breaking of a pan—a great clap, and a rumble, vanishing in the distance.

"What's that?" Bagg gasped.

"Ow should I know?" said Joy.

The noise was repeated, all roundabout—bursting from everywhere, rising to a fearful volume; near at hand a cracking; far off, a continuing roar. The pack was break- ing up. Each separate part was torn from another, and the noise of the rending was great. Each part ground against its neighbor on every side. The weaker pans were crushed like egg-shells. Then the whole began to feel the heave of the sea.

"It's a earthquake," said Bagg.

"Let's run," said Joy.

"Where?"

Joy looked back over the way they had come—search- ing the shadows for Ragged Harbor, which was hidden somewhere therein. But the coast was lost to sight.

"This way," said Bagg. "We're near acrost now."

So they turned their backs on Ragged Harbor and ran straight out to sea, for they thought that England was nearer than the coast they had left. They were now upon a pan, both broad and thick—stout enough to withstand the pressure of the pack: it was a wide field of ice, which the cold of the far north, acting through many years, it may be, had made strong. Elsewhere the pans were breaking—were lifting themselves out of the press and falling back in pieces—were being ground to finest frag- ments. This mighty confusion of noise and wind and snow and night, and the upheaval of the whole world roundabout, made the souls of Bagg and Joy shiver within them. It surpassed the terrors of their dreams.

"Urry up!" Bagg cried. "We 'aven't no time t' lose."

Joy labored on in the wake of Bagg. Soon they came

to the edge of the pan. Beyond, where the pack was in smaller blocks, the sea was swelling be- neath it; the ice was all heaving and swaying. They dared not venture out upon this shifting ground. So they ran up and down, seeking a path onward; but they dis- covered none. Meantime, the parts of the pack had fallen into easier positions; the noise of crunch- ing, as the one ground against the other, had somewhat abated. The ice continued its course out- ward, under the driving force of the wind, but the pressure was re- lieved. The pans fell away from one another. Lakes and lanes of water opened up. The pan upon which Bagg and Joy had chanced

to find themselves in the great break-up soon floated free. There was now no escape from it. Bagg and Joy retreated from the edge, for the seas began to break there.

"Wisht I was 'ome again," Bagg whimpered.

Both waifs looked wistfully back toward Ragged Harbor.

The gale wasted away in the night. The next day was warm and sunny on all that coast. An ice-pack hung off-shore from Fortune Harbor. In the afternoon it began to creep in with a light wind. The first pans struck the coast at dusk. The folk of the place were on the Head, on the lookout for the sign of a herd of seal. Just before night fell they spied two black specks, as far out from shore as their eyes could see.

"They'll be seals out there the morrow," the men were all agreed.

So they went home and prepared to set out at dawn of the next day. In the night, the wind swept the whole pack in, to the last lagging pan. The ice was all jammed against the coast—a firm, vast expanse, stretching to the horizon, and held in place by the wind, which continued strong and steady. The men of Fortune Harbor went confidently out to the hunt. At noon, when they were ten miles off the shore, they perceived the approach of two small, black figures. The meeting came soon afterward, for the folk of Fortune Harbor, being both curious and quick to respond to need, made haste.

"I say, mister," said Bagg, addressing John Forsyth, "you 'aven't got no 'am, 'ave yer?"

"Or nothink else, 'ave yer?" Joy put in.

"We're a bit 'ungry," said Bagg.

"Sure, b'y," said Forsyth. "I've a biscuit an' a bit o' pork."

"'Ave yer, now?" said Joy. "Would yer mind giv—"

But his hands were already full. A moment later his mouth was in the same condition.

"How'd you two come out here?" said Forsyth.

"Swept out," said Bagg. "I say, mister," he added, between munches, "which way would yer say our 'ome was from 'ere?"

"Where's your hoame?"

"Ragged 'Arbor," said Bagg.

"'Tis thirty mile up the coast."

"Ow would you get there quickest if yer 'ad to?"

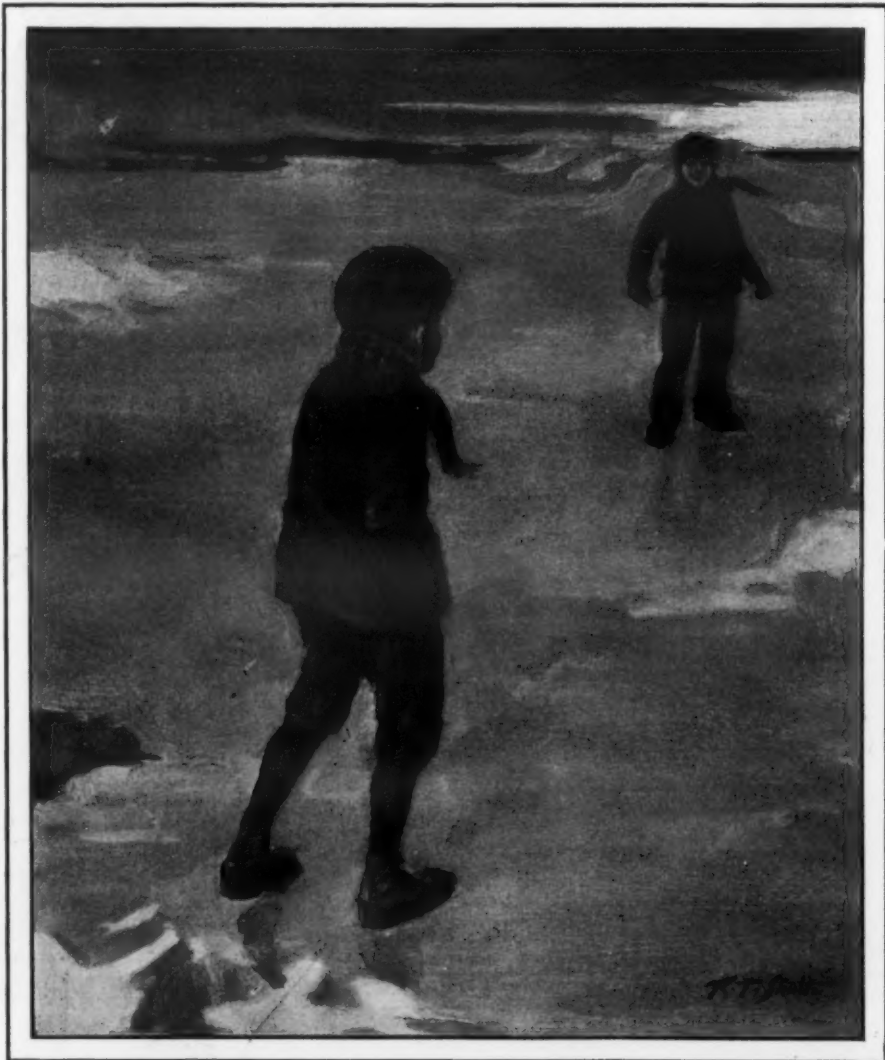
"We'll take care o' you, b'y," said Forsyth. "We'll put you t' Ragged Harbor in a skiff, when the ice goes out. Seems t' me," he added, "you must be them two b'ys Ezekiel Rideout took. Isn't you Ezekiel Rideout's b'ys?"

"Bet yer life we are," said Joy.

THE END.

## John Bull as a Fat Man.

THE QUESTION whether or no "John Bull" is fat seems to be a matter worth considering by the English Navy and Army. It asks whether a corpulent John Bull does not stand as well as any figure for a fair rep- resentation of the English tempera- ment? "Canon Scott Holland says he is fat, and that 'the fat man's day is past and gone. It was the fat man's day when the Georges ruled.' Well, it was not a bad day for Eng- land. We lost America under George III., but we had built up the founda- tions of her prosperity under his two predecessors. We conquered In- dia while the Georges reigned; we won Canada from the French; we beat Napoleon; we took our com- merce round the world; we made the English name respected in every quarter of the globe."



"'URRY UP!' BAGG CRIED. 'WE 'AVEN'T NO TIME T' LOSE.'"—Drawn by Ralph Taylor Shultz.





THE DESOLATED WAREHOUSE DISTRICT AT ST. PIERRE.

WIDESPREAD RUIN ON THE SEA FRONT OF THE DOOMED CITY IN MARTINIQUE.—Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by its special artist, Walter M. St. Elmo, of the Naval Service, Porto Rico. Copyright by Judge Co. 1902.



# The Great World Question of the Day

THREATENING WAR-CLOUDS IN THE ORIENT

By W. C. Jameson Reid, Noted Explorer



W. C. JAMESON REID.  
(See foot-note.)

IN A RECENT interview Count von Waldersee, field-marshal of the German empire, made this statement, which, coming from one who has been recognized as a leader among the European forces in the East, is of startling importance. Count von Waldersee is quoted as saying: "The British-Japanese alliance is of pre-eminent significance. It reveals the seriousness of the world situation. In Japan, which I visited after leaving China, a collision with Russia is regarded as unavoidable." If rumors are smoke, facts are fire. Beneath all the fecund rumors and impenetrable mazes of diplomacy which

have characterized the incertitude of world politics in the far East during the last two years, there is an undercurrent of perpetually seething unrest. To state these subtler and more secret points of the momentous situation does not render it easier to foresee or to suggest any enduring solution. But it may help public opinion, in the light of subsequent events, to form itself correctly, and to appreciate the abstract elements which have checkmated diplomacy and had a potent influence on the ever changing chess-board of Asiatic politics.

If, for the altruistic, though altogether misleading, explanations which the civilized nations of the West have offered to explain their various attitudes in the recent Chinese imbroglio as "spreading civilizing and Christianizing influences," "the safeguarding of subjects," and the thousand and one other stock virtuities in the diplomatic catalogue, we substitute the struggle for political and commercial supremacy in Asia, we have the whole question in a nutshell. And in this struggle for supremacy, although the entire civilized world seems to have a more or less active finger in the pie, when sifted down to matter-of-fact and concrete conditions it is of vital concern but to two nations, Great Britain and Russia. Many have been inclined to look with too serious an eye on the part which Japan may assume, of the "preponderating influence" of her recently acquired "mailed fist" if injected into the struggle. But to any one familiar with Asiatic political conditions, the fact is patent that, in the disintegration of Asia, Japan will only be introduced into the situation on sufferance of either of the arch-conspirators who may accord to her, for the time being, the position of the proverbial fifth wheel of the coach.

It is doubtful whether at any time in the future the United States takes a more active interest in Asiatic political questions than at the present—that is, to seek by bloodless commercial warfare to enjoy her proportionate share of trade. Aside from the small pieces of territory which they now hold, this will likewise be the attitude of Germany and Italy, and doubtless France. It may safely be assumed that they have now reached the limit of their colonial expansion in Asia. Although her intense Anglophobic tendencies have led her openly and demonstratively under the sphere of Russian influence, when put to the crucial test it will doubtless be shown that the French disposition to "blow warm, blow cold," combined with Gallic shrewdness, will prevent France from lending an active hand to Russian schemes of aggrandizement—enacting the rôle of "chestnut-picker in ordinary" offers

numerous deterrent features not wholly reconcilable to the French temperament.

With England and Russia, however, the case is different. Dividing, as they do, so large a share of Asia between them, the success of any political manoeuvre or expansive growth of one must perforce be inimical to the interests of the other. It cannot be denied that the whole course of Russian aggression, thus far, has been so much more fruitful in results than the more conservative English policy as to justify her claims of future Slavonic dominance in Asia. Not only in China, but run across the entire map of Asia and the story is the same. In Afghanistan, in central Asia, and in Persia, Russian purpose is day by day unmasking. It is an open secret that the power of the Czar is greater in Persia than is that of the Shah. Already Persia has been surveyed for a network of Russian railways, Russian loans have paved the way for Russian influence, and it is small wonder that British statesmen are concerned in this ruthless shattering of the historic theory of a "buffer state" between the Russian possessions and India. The futility of this theory, and the insincerity of Russia toward such a condition, need hardly be more fully exemplified than in this unconcealed attempt to enmesh Persia in her drag-net of territorial expansion. And what is true of China, what is true of Persia, is but an exemplar of what Russia purposes to do throughout Asia. In line with this traditional policy of expansion it is not difficult to account for the exceptional interest that China possesses for Russia, nor, on the other hand, the similar interest of England. Its political value has long been recognized; it has, indeed, been a predominant factor in English and Russian politics for the last quarter of a century, if not longer. Both of these nations have an interest in the development of Asia, but, unfortunately, each is bound, by motives of policy, to upraise barriers detrimental to the growth of the other.

With England, the acquisition of territory, considered merely as territory, weighs but little. She has in this direction no designs of conquest; her interests, rather, do not so much demand further territorial growth as the consolidation of existing institutions, the maintenance in greater strength and security of the present established order of things, and the permanency of those rulers who show themselves capable of administering their ancestral possessions. There is nothing in China to excite the cupidity of the English government, for, as an ally, even if an inactive one, or even a mere commercially-related nation, China is more valuable to England than is a territorial acquisition. English influence, wherever it is exerted, is in favor of free trade; it asks for itself neither protection nor any advantages which are not equally offered to all the world, so that it is not possible to say that the British commercial policy is hostile or unfriendly to any country. There can be no doubt but, preferably, England would rather that China should remain politically independent than to be saddled upon her as is India. She is strong and able enough to compete with any commercial adversary who may rise up against her, and under the circumstances of China maintaining its political integrity could reasonably hope to hold her own in trade competition with other countries. That being assured, the nominal question of ownership would be immaterial so long as the question of trade policy did not suffer.

With Russia, however, the case is different. It is her custom to rule out of her possessions foreign competition by certain arbitrary edicts. The result of this stringent nationalistic policy on commercial intercourse of alien nations is patent. The acquisition of valuable territory in China, by extending the "sphere of influence" to one of domination, and the application of this restrictive principle, would be a serious blow not only to English commercial interests, but other nations must suffer correspondingly. If English interest in this territory was paramount, taking on its own case, it would accord to the United States, as well as to other nations, the same rights of entrance as

England asks for herself. This liberal policy at the present time enables us to sell goods in India, and other English colonies, with the same advantages as England herself enjoys.

On the other hand, the possession of any considerable part of China by Russia, or even the paramountcy of Russian influence at Peking, would mean that the concessions which the nations of the world have spent years in wrenching from China would go for naught; in short, that the door of trade which civilization has succeeded in pushing open against Chinese exclusivism would be henceforth shut against all save distinctive Russian interests. It is easy, therefore, to perceive the reasons which actuate British statesmen in supporting any measure antagonistic to Russian interests. The success of Russia in China would increase formidably her influence in the west Pacific; indeed, to the most casual observer, such success must mean, eventually, complete political, military, and commercial dominance in Asia. Possession of large tracts of territory, or strategic points, would give Russia a fearful preponderance in the East. While Great Britain would be the first, and, perhaps, the nation most seriously to suffer from it, there is the added menace of Russia using such power to further other aggressions, which, in the end, must affect vitally the interests of all nations to whom commercial development and trade relations with Asiatic countries are of importance.

Speaking, however, of Great Britain alone, the success of Russia in China and central Asia would most seriously menace not only the further growth, but the very existence of that nation in the East. Nor is this an exaggerated idea of the subject. The march of Russian aggression has constantly gained ground through four centuries, marked by no serious setback. For years she has had to force her way in the face of general European opposition, in spite of France's recently manifested friendliness. But slowly and surely her diplomatists have worked out a plan of intrigue and coercion, until at the present time Russia holds a strong hand over Europe, and with the other menaces the whole of Asia. With the possession of important interior posts and seaports in China, Russia would be able to nullify any advantage that England might enjoy from her superior naval armament, while it would be a comparatively easy matter to throw thousands of well-trained troops across the Siberian frontier, and, with bases of supplies in strategic points of central Asia and China, to let loose the semi-barbarous and Anglophobic tribes of Turkestan, Afghanistan, and Thibet upon the fertile plains of India, Persia, and China.

These are the conditions as they really exist. Can England stem the tide of Russian aggression, and, if so, for how long? How long the future alone can tell, but it is to be hoped that selfish interests alone, if none others prompt, of the great Powers interested in trade relations with China will upraise such a collective sentiment in support of England's policy as to check the further growth of Slavonic dominance in Asia beyond its present limitations. For, if eventually successful, such a paramountcy of Russian interests would prove, commercially at least, a world calamity.

Mr. W. C. J. Reid is one of the most accomplished globe-trotters of the present day. His "trotting," however, has not been in the well-beaten tracks followed by people of leisure desirous merely of ease and pleasure, but in the by and forbidden paths where travel is attended with many dangers and uncertainties. Mr. Reid is of the few, like Landor and Burton, who have penetrated into the remote regions of Thibet and have lived to tell the tale. He has told the story of his adventures and discoveries in Thibet and other lands in two volumes, "Unexplored Asia" and "Eastern High Asia," and he has also written a work on "The Eastern Question," highly valued by the students of that ever-present and ever-present world-problem. A Boston journal, speaking of Mr. Reid, says that he "is one of the most intrepid travelers of this decade. At his age he has probably had more thrilling experiences, explored more unknown territory, and lived a more unique life than any man in the world." Mr. Reid was born in Shanghai, China, his father being stationed there in the English government service. Mr. Reid has been wandering nearly all his life. He has made several extended journeys in Thibet and central Asia, and is probably as familiar with that vast region as any man living speaking the English tongue.

## When Poets Fall into Doggerel.

THAT EVEN the greatest and truest poets may sometimes slip and fall into doggerel or something worse is a fact to which literary history bears frequent and sad attestation. The harp which for the most part gives forth only sweet and entrancing music is apt now and then to sound out a note so harsh and discordant as to fairly send a shudder through the literary world. Thus even Tennyson, the greatest of modern artists in rhythmic form and melody, perpetrated some lines in "Maud" which his most ardent admirers do not undertake to justify. For a present instance of a still more flagrant sort, we have Mr. Kipling's verses about Cecil Rhodes. These were, of course, kindly intended, but nevertheless they hardly rise above the level of the lachrymose effusions, the flabby ding-dong rhymes seen on old tombstones and often transferred thence to enliven the pages of comic journals. Some of Mr. Kipling's barrack-room and war ballads are fine examples in their line, and his magnificent "Recessional" may safely be classed among things that were not born to die, but his recent outgivings in verse on the South African war are distinctly atrocious in a literary sense, as well as in every other; and his send-off for Cecil Rhodes was bad enough to arouse a spirit of resentment among that gentleman's friends and of grim exultation among his enemies. It is bad enough to fire off weak and watery verse at the living, who can defend

themselves, if they feel like it, but when such stuff is thrown at defenseless people who have gone hence, it looks like taking a mean, though possibly an unintentional, advantage. Mr. Kipling ought to be above such business.

## Another Sign of Prosperity.

AS A cheering sign of progress we have seen nothing better than the statement that the steel-rail mills of this country have booked for delivery in 1902 orders for 2,350,000 tons of rails, a quantity almost equal to their productive capacity for the year. This means, of course, a great impetus to railroad building and well-paid employment to a vast army of men.

## Why Don't They Go?

A WAY TO RUSH OFF THE "HANG ON'S."

PERHAPS some day you will wake up to the fact that coffee is quickly and surely doing the business for you. You wonder why the symptoms of disease which grow more and more pronounced do not disappear, but hang on in spite of all the medicines you can take.

Fixed organic disease may result if you keep up your present course, and yet it is an easy thing to give up

coffee and get well. Have your cook make Postum Food Coffee strictly according to directions, and that is easy. Use enough of it and boil long enough to bring out the taste, then you will find that the famous food drink will satisfy your coffee taste and the old troubles gradually disappear.

There are hundreds of thousands of cases in America that prove the truth of this statement.

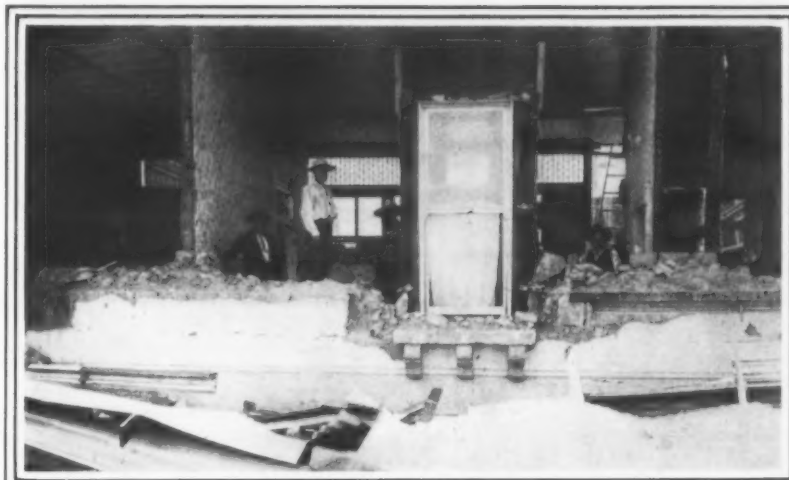
A gentleman from Columbus, Ga., says: "My wife had been an invalid for some time and did not seem to yield to any sort of medicines. She could not eat anything without distress, and naturally was badly run down in every way.

"Finally we concluded that perhaps it was the coffee that hurt her, so she quit it and went on to Postum, also began using Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food. She immediately began to improve and kept gaining strength and health; now she can eat heartily of anything she wants, vegetables and anything else, without hurting her. She has gained nearly thirty pounds since she made the change.

"I saw such an improvement in her health that I decided to quit coffee myself, and you would be surprised to see the change. I have gained in flesh about twenty-five pounds, and have entirely lost the old, dull headaches that I used to have so much.

"Our two children are very fond of Postum. You can use my name if you like." T. M. Coggin, 1220 Tenth Avenue, Columbus, Ga.





WRECKED RESIDENCE OF DON F. PELAEZ, THE FRONT COMPLETELY DEMOLISHED.



DEVASTATION ON TENTH EAST STREET, IN THE PRINCIPAL RESIDENCE SECTION.

### The Guatemala Earthquake— Loss, 3,000 Lives

THE STORY of the wreck and ruin and appalling loss of life caused by the earthquake of May 18th at Quezaltenango, Guatemala, has heretofore been told only in fragments. More complete details only add to the horror, and as a disaster of modern times it is only second to that of Martinique. Quezaltenango was a handsome old city of 40,000 inhabitants, situated 8,000 feet above the sea level, and was second only to Guatemala City in size and commercial importance. It was a comparatively well-paved, well-lighted city, with colleges and beautiful old churches, handsome residences, street railways, and an electric-light plant. Now it is almost deserted; many of its principal buildings are in ruins, the streets piled high with debris, under which are yet buried many of the inhabitants.

The first shock is said to have occurred about 8 o'clock on the evening of May 18th, and survivors say that it seemed as though the world had collided with some immovable obstacle; people were thrown prostrate on the ground and floors; there was a crash and a roar as buildings were hurled into a mass of broken stone and adobe. Throughout the city the survivors of the first shock ran into the street, in the belief that chaos had come, screaming and praying as they ran. The first shock was followed by others in rapid succession, and those in the street were caught under falling walls. The severest shocks continued for nearly thirty minutes and gradually subsided into slight undulations. The survivors left the city and con-



THE RUINED ENTRANCE TO THE BANK OF GUATEMALA, ONE OF THE MOST SUBSTANTIAL STRUCTURES IN THE CITY.

gregated on an open plain in the suburbs, where they remained during the night.

The electric-light plant was destroyed and the streets blocked; the handsome façade of the Church San Nicholas was destroyed and the famous monument near it was overthrown. Entire blocks of buildings were tumbled into heaps, and those with walls yet standing were dangerous to approach. An idea of the violence of the shock may be had from the fact that a huge steel safe in the vault of the Bank of Guatemala was overthrown and was found lying face downward on the floor of the vault.

The city was built almost entirely of adobe and hardpan, the latter a hard, dry clay that is cut in squares and after exposure to the air becomes almost as hard as sandstone. Nearly all the buildings are only one story; there were only a few of two stories and but two or three of three stories. The greatest loss of life was in the poorer quarters of the city, where the houses were principally of adobe. There buildings collapsed, burying entire families in the ruins. It is difficult to determine the loss of life, but it is approximated at 3,000 in Quezaltenango alone. Surrounding suburbs and villages also suffered severely.

The next day many of the more wealthy removed their families to the suburb of Zamil, seven miles away, while the poorer classes hovered about the ruins of their homes, searching for their dead and awaiting the arrival of relief from Guatemala City, which was dispatched at once. A regiment of troops was hurried to the scene and guards were posted to prevent looting.

Drives away care, lends buoyancy to the spirits and strength to the body—Abbott's Angostura Bitters.



COMPLETE RUIN OF THE HOTEL CENTRAL, SHOWING THE TERRIBLE NATURE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

FRIGHTFUL VISITATION SLAYS 3,000 AT QUEZALTENANGO.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN GUATEMALA, ON THE 18TH OF MAY, ADDS ANOTHER HORROR TO THE PAGE OF RECENT DISASTERS.—Photographs for Leslie's Weekly. Copyright by Judge Company, 1902.





# The World of Letters

HESTER PRYNNE, HER CHILD IN HER ARMS, ON THE SCAFFOLD IN THE MARKET-PLACE

A Scene from "The Scarlet Letter," by Nathaniel Hawthorne



The story of "The Scarlet Letter," from which a chapter is herewith given, is universally conceded by the most eminent critics throughout the world to be the greatest novel ever written. It was so pronounced by the late Mr. Gladstone, by Ruskin, Dean Farrar, and others equally competent to judge. In tragic intensity and dramatic power it has never been equaled. Its fascination is irresistible, and once read it can never be forgotten. The scene of the story is laid in Boston in the early Puritan days, two centuries ago. The chief characters are Hester Prynne, a cultured and beautiful, but erring woman; her illegitimate daughter, little Pearl; Arthur Dimmesdale, a young clergyman, and Roger Chillingworth, an aged man, the husband of Hester, by whom she had been neglected and practically deserted in a foreign land. Hester and Dimmesdale are attracted to each other and fall in love, not wisely but too well. For her sin Hester is doomed to stand upon a public scaffold with a scarlet letter fastened upon her bosom, and thereafter to wear that emblem of shame. Her punishment is rendered more rigorous because she refuses to betray her partner in guilt, Arthur Dimmesdale, who continues, therefore, though suffering intense mental agony, his service as a clergyman. Hester, after her one great sin, lives a pure, sweet and noble life, and, although an outcast and under the ban of public scorn, becomes a veritable angel of mercy in the community. The chapter which follows is that describing Hester's appearance with her babe on the scaffold, with Roger Chillingworth, her husband, who has just arrived from England after two years separation from her, and Dimmesdale, among the spectators.

"YONDER woman, sir, you must know, was the wife of a certain learned man, English by birth, but who had long dwelt in Amsterdam, whence, some good time ago, he was minded to cross over and cast in his lot with us of the Massachusetts. To this purpose, he sent his wife before him, remaining himself to look after some necessary affairs. Marry, good sir, in some two years, or less, that the woman has been a dweller here in Boston, no tidings have come of this learned gentleman, Master Prynne; and his young wife, look you, being left to her own misguidance—"

"Ah!—aha!—I conceive you," said the stranger, with a bitter smile. "So learned a man as you speak of should have learned this too in his books. And who, by your favor, sir, may be the father of yonder babe—it is some three or four months old, I should judge—which Mistress Prynne is holding in her arms?"

"Of a truth, friend, that matter remaineth a riddle; and the Daniel who shall expound it is yet a-wanting," answered the townsman. "Madam Hester absolutely refuseth to speak, and the magistrates have laid their heads together in vain. Peradventure the guilty one stands looking on at this sad spectacle, unknown of man and forgetting that God sees him."

While this passed, Hester Prynne had been standing on her pedestal, still with a fixed gaze towards the stranger; so fixed a gaze, that, at moments of intense absorption, all other objects in the visible world seemed to vanish, leaving only him and her. Such an interview, perhaps, would have been more terrible than even to meet him as she now did, with the hot, midday sun burning down upon her face, and lighting up its shame; with the scarlet token of infamy on her breast; with the sin-born infant in her arms; with a whole people, drawn forth as to a festival, staring at the features that should have been seen only in the quiet gleam of the fireside, in the happy shadow of a home, or beneath a matronly veil, at church. Dreadful as it was, she was conscious of a shelter in the presence of these thousand witnesses. It was better to stand thus, with so many betwixt him and her, than to greet him, face to face, they two alone. She fled for refuge, as it were, to the public exposure, and dreaded the moment when its protection should be withdrawn from her. Involved in these thoughts, she scarcely heard a voice behind her, until it had repeated her name more than once, in a loud and solemn tone, audible to the whole multitude.

"Hearken unto me, Hester Prynne!" said the voice.

It has already been noticed, that directly over the platform on which Hester Prynne stood was a kind of balcony, or open gallery, appended to the meeting-house. It was the place whence proclamations were wont to be made, amidst an assemblage of the magistracy, with all the ceremonial that attended such public observances in those days.

"Hester Prynne," said the clergyman, "I have striven with my young brother here, under whose preaching of the word you have been privileged to sit,"—here Mr.



HESTER PRYNNE.—Drawn by Ralph Taylor Shultz.

Wilson laid his hand on the shoulder of a pale young man beside him,—"I have sought, I say, to persuade this godly youth, that he should deal with you, here in the face of Heaven, and before these wise and upright rulers, and in hearing of all the people, as touching the vileness and blackness of your sin. Knowing your natural temper better than I, he could the better judge what arguments to use, whether of tenderness or terror, such as might prevail over your hardness and obstinacy; insomuch that you should no longer hide the name of him who tempted you to this grievous fall. But he opposes to me (with a young man's over-softness, albeit wise beyond his years), that it were wronging the very nature of woman to force her to lay open her heart's secrets in such broad daylight, and in presence of so great a multitude. Truly, as I sought to convince him, the shame lay in the commission of the sin, and not in the showing of it forth. What say you to it, once again, Brother Dimmesdale? Must it be thou, or I, that shall deal with this poor sinner's soul?"

There was a murmur among the dignified and reverend occupants of the balcony; and Governor Bellingham gave expression to its purport, speaking in an authoritative voice, although tempered with respect toward the youthful clergyman whom he addressed.

"Good Master Dimmesdale," said he, "the responsibility of this woman's soul lies greatly with you. It behooves you, therefore, to exhort her to repentance, and to confession, as a proof and consequence thereof."

The directness of this appeal drew the eyes of the whole crowd upon the Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale, a young clergyman, who had come from one of the great English universities, bringing all the learning of the age into our wild forest-land. His eloquence and religious fervor had already given the earnest of high eminence in his profession. He was a person of very striking aspect, with a white, lofty, and impending brow, large, brown, melancholy eyes, and a mouth which, unless when he forcibly

compressed it, was apt to be tremulous, expressing both nervous sensibility and a vast power of self-restraint. Notwithstanding his high native gifts and scholar-like attainments, there was an air about this young minister—an apprehensive, a startled, a half-frightened look—as of a being who felt himself quite astray and at loss in the pathway of human existence, and could only be at ease in some seclusion of his own. Therefore, so far as his duties would permit, he trod in the shadowy by-paths, and thus kept himself simple and childlike, coming forth, when occasion was, with a freshness, and fragrance, and dewy purity of thought, which, as many people said, affected them like the speech of an angel.

Such was the young man whom the Reverend Mr. Wilson and the Governor had introduced so openly to the public notice, bidding him to speak, in the hearing of all men, to that mystery of a woman's soul, so sacred even in its pollution. The trying nature of his position drove the blood from his cheek and made his lips tremulous.

"Speak to the woman, my brother," said Mr. Wilson. "It is of moment to her soul, and therefore, as the worshipful Governor says, momentous to thine own, in whose charge hers is. Exhort her to confess the truth!"

The Reverend Mr. Dimmesdale bent his head, in silent prayer, as it seemed, and then came forward.

"Hester Prynne," said he, leaning over the balcony and looking down steadfastly into her eyes, "thou hearest what this good man says, and seest the accountability under which I labor. If thou feelest it to be for thy soul's peace, and that thy earthly punishment will thereby be made more effectual to salvation, I charge thee to speak out the name of thy fellow-sinner and fellow-sufferer! Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him; for, believe me, Hester, though he were to step down from a high place, and stand there beside thee, on thy pedestal of shame, yet better were it so, than to hide a guilty heart through life. What can thy silence

do for him, except it tempt him—yea, compel him, as it were—to add hypocrisy to sin? Heaven hath granted thee an open ignominy, that thereby thou mayest work out an open triumph over the evil within thee, and the sorrow without. Take heed how thou deniest to him—who, perchance, hath not the courage to grasp it for himself—the bitter, but wholesome, cup that is now presented to thy lips!"

The young pastor's voice was tremulously sweet, rich, deep, and broken. The feeling that it so evidently manifested, rather than the direct purport of the words, caused it to vibrate within all hearts, and brought the listeners into one accord of sympathy. Even the poor baby, at Hester's bosom, was affected by the same influence; for it directed its hitherto vacant gaze towards Mr. Dimmesdale and held up its little arms, with a half-pleased, half-plaintive murmur. So powerful seemed the minister's appeal that the people could not believe but that Hester Prynne would speak out the guilty name, or else that the guilty one himself, in whatever high or lowly place he stood, would be drawn forth by an inward and inevitable necessity, and compelled to ascend the scaffold.

Hester shook her head.

"Woman, transgress not beyond the limits of Heaven's mercy!" cried the Reverend Mr. Wilson, more harshly than before. "That little babe hath been gifted with a voice, to second and confirm the counsel which thou hast heard. Speak out the name! That, and thy repentance, may avail to take the scarlet letter off thy breast."

"Never!" replied Hester Prynne, looking, not at Mr. Wilson, but into the deep and troubled eyes of the younger clergyman. "It is too deeply branded. Ye cannot take it off. And would that I might endure his agony as well as mine!"

"Speak, woman!" said another voice, coldly and sternly, proceeding from the crowd about the scaffold. "Speak, and give your child a father!"

"I will not speak!" answered Hester, turning pale as death, but responding to this voice, which she too surely recognized. "And my child must seek a heavenly Father; she shall never know an earthly one!"

"She will not speak!" murmured Mr. Dimmesdale, who, leaning over the balcony, with his hand upon his heart, had awaited the result of his appeal. He now drew back, with a long respiration. "Wonderous strength and generosity of a woman's heart! She will not speak!"

Special arrangements have been made by LESLIE'S WEEKLY whereby its readers may obtain a handsome cloth-bound copy of this most wonderful of all novels, "The Scarlet Letter," for the price of thirty cents, postpaid. All that is necessary to secure it is to cut out and send to LESLIE'S WEEKLY the following coupon with the sum mentioned.

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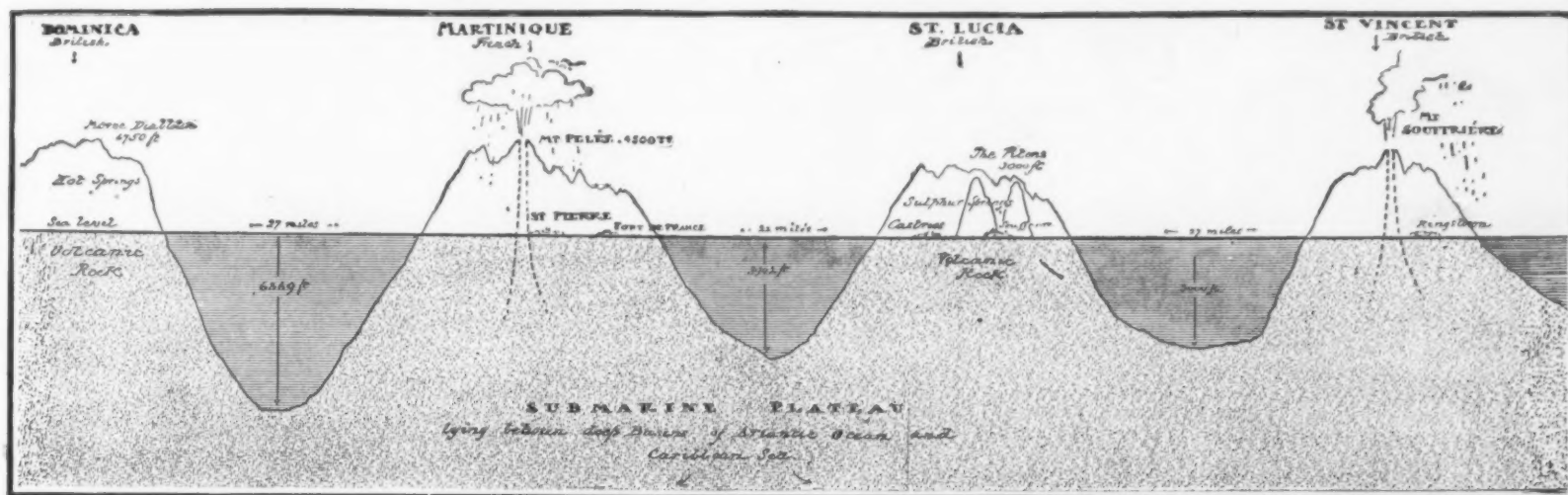
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## History Aids Fiction.

IN A preface to an edition of "The Red Rover," Fenimore Cooper asserts that "the history of this country has very little to aid the writer of fiction," a circumstance which made it necessary that he should "invent his legend without looking for the smallest aid either from traditions or facts." This reads curiously enough in the face of the superabundant historical romances of the hour founded on events in American history, most of which happened long before Cooper's day.





A SECTIONAL VIEW OF MARTINIQUE AND THE VOLCANIC ISLANDS ON BOTH SIDES OF IT.

This chain of the Windward Islands runs north and south and rises from a submarine plateau. It is evident from the deep water which surrounds them that the islands are but the summits of submerged mountains. St. Lucia lies between the two scenes of devastation. The island itself possesses sulphur mountains or "soufrières" and is of volcanic structure, like its neighbors. The volcanoes are arranged in a long, curving string, evidently following a line of weakness.—*The Sphere*.



CRATER OF MONT PELEE, THROUGH WHICH DESTRUCTION Poured ON ST. PIERRE—A PLACID LAKE FREQUENTED BY PLEASURE PARTIES.—THE WATER SINKING THROUGH THE VOLCANO'S FISSURES MAY HAVE CAUSED THE ERUPTION.—*Photograph by Dr. C. I. Fletcher, Indianapolis.*



CRATER OF LA SOUFRIERE—ITS DEADLY OUTBURST DEVASTATED ST. VINCENT ISLAND—THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWS THE SULPHUR VAPOR RISING BEFORE THE ERUPTION OCCURRED. DEPTH OF CRATER, 200 FEET.—*A. B. Duffie.*

### CRATERS OF THE FEARFUL VOLCANOES IN THE WEST INDIES.

THE SUMMITS OF MONT PELEE AND LA SOUFRIERE BEFORE THE RECENT DISASTROUS ERUPTION, WHICH DESTROYED 30,000 HUMAN LIVES.



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pay twice 12 per cent. in twelve months. I would  
like to tell you the whole story by mail. CHARLES  
C. WOODWORTH, 69 Wall Street, New York.

## Hints to Money-makers

IS it not clear that speculators are skating  
on pretty thin ice? Does not the condi-  
tion of the money-market show that bankers  
are becoming restless and anxious about the  
situation? I have advised my readers  
persistently to get out of this market and  
keep out of it, unless they simply choose  
to trade for quick turns. That advice I  
still give, and I advise them also to assert  
their rights as stockholders, as many of the  
stockholders of the Steel Trust did at the  
recent meeting. There is no reason why  
they should give up their proxies to others.  
Better attend stockholders' meetings your-  
self or have some one represent you whom  
you know. Otherwise go unrepresented.  
The recent disclosures in the courts, re-  
garding the Whiskey Trust and the man-  
ner in which the directors diverted the  
earnings to subsidiary companies which  
they organized for their own benefit, show  
how little attention is paid by manipulators  
to the rights of shareholders who are not  
in the management's clique. It is time for  
an appeal both to the Federal and the State  
governments for legislation to compel a  
general recognition, in all corporations, of  
the rights of the minority. They have been  
trampled on altogether too long.

I have no doubt that, unless the entire  
market gives way, in the face of some un-  
expected happening, strength may still be  
imparted for a little time to come to some  
shares. Beyond question, if there had been  
no coal strike, Reading would have had a  
farther advance, and, on reactions, it is  
probably the best speculative purchase  
among the anthracites. The coal strike,  
no doubt, interfered with several important  
deals. Talk is renewed of the absorption  
of the Delaware and Hudson's anthracite  
business by the Erie. The money in these  
"deals" is made by insiders. The Morgan-  
Gates crowd made the most of their fore-  
knowledge of the absorption of the Monon,  
and it will be observed that the alleged  
purchase of the Ann Arbor, in be-  
half of the Wabash, is not to be made di-  
rectly by the latter, but, like most of these  
schemes, is to be "financed" by a few  
capitalists. They will buy the property  
at the lowest price they can get, and then  
turn it over to the purchasing railway at  
the highest price.

This is not just to the stockholders of  
the railway company which is the pur-  
chaser, and there ought to be a law for-  
bidding directors of a corporation to do  
this sort of work. If the stockholders of  
the railroad would take up the matter in the  
courts they would lead to interesting dis-  
closures. The departure of Mr. Keene  
for Europe, in pursuit of health, takes away  
one of the main stays of the bull market.  
Whether he will turn bear when he reaches  
London remains to be seen. I am satisfied  
that an energetic bear leader, at this jun-  
cture, could make things decidedly inter-  
esting in Wall Street.

The natural perversity of the human  
intellect is illustrated by its proneness to  
believe that which suits it best. It is  
difficult to induce such short-sighted  
persons even to consider and discuss the  
other side of a financial proposition if it  
contravenes their interest or their beliefs.  
There is always a craze, on the part of per-  
sons of small means especially, to invest in  
the cheapest kinds of speculative enter-  
prises. The farther these enterprises are  
away from home and the more shadowy  
their substance, the greater the preference  
for them, if only the shares are cheap.  
Hence the demand for oil stocks at five  
cents a share upwards, and for copper, gold,  
silver, and zinc mines, that offer ten shares  
for a dollar or thereabouts. The cold,  
plain fact that more money has been made  
in real estate and less money lost in it than  
in any other speculative or investment  
field is altogether forgotten, and these  
opportunities are by no means forever  
gone. A friend, in the Borough of Queens,  
in greater New York, was lamenting, the  
other day, because his father, twenty-five  
years ago, had refused to buy a small plot  
in the suburbs of New York, when it was  
offered at \$300 an acre, and which has  
since been built upon to such an extent  
that a single lot is held at \$15,000, or at the  
rate of a quarter of a million dollars an  
acre. If my friend's father had bought a  
four-acre plot twenty-five years ago, for  
\$1,200, he would have had at present city  
lots easily worth a million dollars.

I haven't a doubt that plenty of oppor-  
tunities for money-making in real estate,  
in the suburbs of New York, exist at this

very day. There is a manifest and rising  
tendency to renewed speculation in New  
York suburban property. Already a num-  
ber of real estate companies, many of them  
of doubtful origin and questionable charac-  
ter, are preparing to organize to reap a  
rich harvest from the thoughtless specula-  
tor. I advise my readers to beware of  
these, and not to buy anything at hap-  
hazard. Real estate properties that will  
appreciate to the greatest degree are those  
which will be brought nearest in time, by  
the proposed new rapid-transit railways  
and tunnels, to the heart of New York City.  
Within a few years, marvelous advances will  
be made in this direction. The resident  
in suburbs that are now farm lands, ten  
and fifteen miles distant from the centre of  
New York, will be within twenty minutes  
of that centre by rail, and at a five-cent  
fare. The moment this great system of  
improvements is completed, a vast tide  
will flow from the overcrowded tenements  
of New York to homes in the suburbs.  
Every new dwelling erected in the suburbs  
means added value to the adjoining lots,  
and in a short space of time a single lot  
will be worth as much as an entire acre is  
now. With the increasing population and  
wealth, great cities like New York will fur-  
nish the grandest opportunities for specu-  
lative investment that the world has ever  
seen.

Taking advantage of this remarkable  
situation and of the prevalent craze for  
speculation, we will see, in the current year,  
no doubt, all sorts of wild-cat land schemes,  
ostensibly emanating from the greater  
New York. I caution my readers now  
against having anything to do with these.  
Deal only with those that are of highest  
repute. It is entirely safe to speculate in  
real estate, in something which you can  
see, which is above ground, which has a  
value, and which can never be stolen or  
taken away from you; but buy only that  
which you know exists and that which has  
some real value at present and a much  
greater value in the future. It may be  
easy to cover up and falsify the facts re-  
garding a mining proposition far off in the  
Rocky Mountains, but it is not so easy to  
fool any one regarding real estate values in  
a great city like New York. My readers  
should have no difficulty in ascertaining the  
facts. If they are deceived it will be their  
own fault, for New York City is like a  
book—open to the world.

"K." Zanesville, O.: It is a speculation.  
"T. A." Welleburg, W. Va.: Anonymous com-  
munications are not answered.  
"J." Providence, R. I.: The Standard Lead  
and Smelting Company is financed through  
Dougherty & Albers, 69 Wall Street, New York.  
They tell me their policy is to refund the full  
amount paid for the shares to any investor wishing  
to dispose of his holdings.  
"D." Allentown, N. J.: I would advise you  
to wait a little while until the market reacts.  
Then you might take a flyer in Reading or Union  
Pacific. If you can be patient, you might ulti-  
mately find a profit in the shares of Toledo, St.  
Louis and Western, or Texas Pacific.  
"Reader," Rutland, Vt.: Just why the United  
States Oil Company should want to go into the  
coal mining business is not clear. The proposal  
to largely increase the capital stock to purchase  
coal fields sounds to me as if an inside "syndicate"  
were getting in its fine work at the expense of the  
poor stockholders.

"A." Little Rock, Ark.: An opposition with  
\$10,000,000 capital has been organized, in New  
Jersey, to the Diamond Match Company. It is  
known as "The Consolidated." Heretofore the  
Diamond Match has virtually controlled the busi-  
ness and overcome all opposition. I would not  
therefore sacrifice my shares.

"J." Atchison, Kan.: I do not think the aboli-  
tion of the war taxes will have any decided effect  
on Wall Street. The Treasury has been absorbing  
more money from these taxes than it needed and  
some have believed for this reason that their aboli-  
tion will help things. I think the only great stimu-  
lus the market can have must come from an im-  
proved crop outlook.

"F." Annapolis, Md.: The St. Louis South-  
western has decided to issue \$18,500,000 of new  
stock and \$25,000,000 new bonds, the latter to  
retire outstanding second mortgage incomes, to  
provide for new equipment, and for the purchase  
of shares of other railways. I hear a repetition  
of the rumor that the long-promised Gould "com-  
bination" is about to take place. It is time.

"C." Duluth: I am told that the question of  
an increase of the dividend in Union Pacific com-  
mon will not be decided until after the crop situa-  
tion is more fully understood, but that if we have  
good crops this summer the common will be put  
on a 5 per cent. basis. Atchison common may  
ultimately be a better short sale than Union Pacific  
common, more especially as the Vanderbilts are  
largely interested in the latter.

"L." Erie, N. Y.: The annual report of United  
States Rubber, showing a deficit of over a million  
dollars, reveals that nearly three-quarters of a mil-  
lion had to be charged off for depreciation. It also  
shows that the economies promised as the result  
of the rubber combination, in the purchase of crude  
rubber and the advantages in cost by the distri-  
bution of manufactured products of different  
classes to the various mills, were not realized.

"Banker," Decorah, Ia.: You are correct.  
J. P. Morgan & Co. receive 1 per cent. of the par  
value of the Monon stock acquired by them for  
purposes of consolidation with the Louisville and  
Nashville and Southern railways; \$700,000 is  
allowed for disturbances and compensation of the  
syndicate, of which J. P. Morgan & Co. are  
the managers. It is easy to see where the syndi-  
cate's profits come in, whether the stock goes up or  
down.

Continued on opposite page.

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raise funds for further development of the property  
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and copper to date.

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veins from which \$35,000 has been taken from  
surface work. These veins are now being opened  
at a great depth. On April 28th at the 250-foot  
level the first of these veins was encountered, in  
the cross-cut tunnel from the shaft, measuring four  
feet in width and assaying 18 per cent. copper.

There is now no question as to the extent and  
value of the copper deposits on these properties, it  
is simply a question of development. The Company  
has spent \$60,000 since last summer in work and  
equipment.

Stock is now being sold at 40 cents per share to  
carry on this development work. The Company is  
composed of the most substantial business men of  
Leavenworth, Kansas, every one of whom has made  
a success of his personal business. An investigation  
will prove the exceptional merit of the proposition.

Prospectus, photographs and printed matter  
freely mailed on receipt of request. Company's  
engineers state that stock will be worth from \$2.00  
to \$10.00 per share when work mapped out is com-  
pleted. Address, GLOBE BOSTON COPPER  
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000 have been distributed among  
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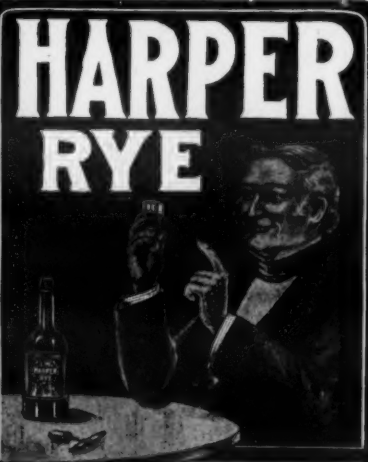
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## Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from preceding page.

"S." Vineland, N. J.: Mention the location of  
the home office of the oil company and I will make  
inquiries.

"P." San Antonio, Texas: I have no doubt  
that the American Sugar Refining Company is  
strengthening itself by getting hold of good beet  
sugar properties. This is a wise policy, wiser than  
that which it is adopting in trying to crush out  
beet sugar interests by cutting prices. The effect  
of this will be to strengthen anti-trust and anti-  
corporation sentiment in Nebraska, Colorado, and  
other beet-growing States. American Sugar is too  
speculative to recommend its purchase as an in-  
vestment.

"Rose." Bethlehem, Penn.: Check received.  
You are on the preferred list for one year. (1)  
They are well rated and deal in mining investments.  
(2) The Fryer Hill Mining Company owns the  
Jones mine, in a producing district in Colorado.  
I will endeavor to get its latest report. (3) This  
is a market in which one should be close to the  
tape if he wishes to operate for quick turns,  
unless he is prepared to buy on every sharp reac-  
tion and sell on every rise. In that event, Union  
Pacific and Southern Pacific are good stocks to  
trade in.

"Conservative." Elmira, N. Y.: (1) For safety  
I would rather buy the Union Pacific convertibles  
than the common. (2) I am told that there is no  
truth in the reported absorption of Republic Steel  
by the United States Steel Company. (3) The  
earnings of Pressed Steel Car are heavy and the  
talk of increased dividends on the common stimu-  
lated the recent advance. (4) I pointed out some  
time ago that, compared with the prices of our  
own Pacific railways, Canadian Pacific was selling  
pretty low. It has had a heavy advance since  
and seems to be getting high enough, in view of  
the business outlook.

"H." Buffalo, N. Y.: (1) No searching in-  
vestigation of the affairs of the Meyers syndicate  
mushroom concerns has yet been had. The report  
of the committee, recently published, which dis-  
closed the absolutely fictitious character of the rise  
in Dominion securities, North American Lumber  
and Pulp, and Hackensack Meadow shares, was  
merely a statement furnished for the information  
of the public by those who were anxious to make  
the best possible showing for all these discredited  
concerns. (2) The statement of International  
Power shows that, while it paid 10 per cent. on  
its common stock, or at that rate, last year, it  
earned only 3-3-4 per cent., and was carrying a  
heavy burden of debt.

"Albamarle." Richmond, Va.: (1) I only know  
that he is rated well and is doing apparently a large  
business. He is not a member of the New York  
Stock Exchange, but of the Consolidated Ex-  
change, where he is in good standing. (2) The  
Rapid Transit Subway Operating Company, of  
New York, has a capital of \$6,000,000, exchange-  
able for the full paid shares of the operating com-  
pany, on a favorable basis. Strong men are con-  
nected with the concern and they have held the  
stock securely among themselves. Few transac-  
tions are reported in it. Those who believe in  
the city's growth have great expectations of the  
success of the subway scheme. Whether it will be  
a rival to the surface and elevated roads must be  
a question for the future.

"G. G." Cincinnati: Check received. You are  
on my preferred list for one year. The Colorado  
Southern four sold as low last year as 83, the  
Colorado Midlands as low as 78 and as high as  
87 1-2. I regard the first bond as better than the  
second. The Iowa Central fours are still better,  
but net smaller returns. The Wisconsin Central  
general fours are about on the same plane. The  
Kansas City, Fort Scott, and Memphis fours, are  
fairly good, but not strictly in the investment class.  
Neither are the St. Louis and Southwestern In-  
come seconds. The bonded indebtedness of this  
road is to be largely increased, I understand. The  
Kansas City Southern threes at prevailing prices look  
to me to be as good and as cheap as any of the  
bonds on your list.

"E." Lykens, Penn.: I would not sell my Bal-  
timore and Ohio fours at present. The bond market  
shows considerable strength. A bad break in  
stocks, with panicky conditions, would no doubt  
lead to the sacrifice of railroad bonds as well as  
shares, but the Baltimore and Ohio fours are  
strongly held. (2) Reading first preferred, Chi-  
cago and Alton preferred, and Toledo, St. Louis  
and Western preferred, all stand a chance of sell-  
ing higher if crop conditions prove favorable. It  
is too early to recommend their sale. If the coal  
strike should assume an ugly phase, it might fur-  
nish just the needed spark to start a conflagration  
in Wall Street. Every effort will be made, no  
doubt, to prevent such a catastrophe. You must  
judge for yourself whether it is likely to happen.  
If it is of course all stocks will go lower.  
June 5th, 1902. J. ASPER.

## Business Chances Abroad.

THAT a good opening for the sale of  
American glassware exists in Brazil is  
evident from recent statements made by  
our consular representative at Rio de Janeiro,  
Mr. Seeger, who says that a prominent  
dealer of that city recently called upon him  
with the request that he should furnish  
him with addresses and catalogues of  
American glass factories, saying that since  
the other firm had introduced American  
goods a general demand had arisen for  
them, and he would be obliged to carry  
them. He said he thought there was a  
great future for them in Brazil. If Ameri-  
can houses will furnish him with cata-  
logues, Mr. Seeger says that he will be  
pleased to distribute them where they will  
do the most good.

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lates flesh and blood. Applied in an instant; invisible with any costume;  
neither sight nor touch reveals their use. Worn with or without corsets.  
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dressmakers and ladies' tailors. They fit any figure, adapt themselves  
to every movement and position, take the desired size and shape, filling  
out ill-looking wrinkles, making the "fit" of any dress perfect and stylish.  
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the natural bosom upward, while they remain concealed. As a support  
they are a grateful relief to nursing mothers. For bathers they are in-  
dispensable: not injured by water, preserve the beautiful contour of  
wearer, not detected by closest inspection, and act as a buoy to the  
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have known better than to fight with that  
little Smith boy."

Willie—"I know, mamma, but I  
thought I could lick him."—*Ohio State  
Journal.*



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THE ENGLISH AUTOMOBILE GUN-CARRIAGE.

### The Automobile in War.

AN ARMORED motor car designed to carry an array of formidable guns to be used on land as battle-ships are used at sea has been designed by an English inventor, Frederick Simms, and has been exhibited in the Crystal Palace, London. The frame of the motor-carriage is rectangular and constructed of heavy steel channels. Careful study has been given in order to combine in the machine the greatest strength with the minimum of weight. The idea is that the car should be substantial enough to support, if necessary, a weight of twelve tons; but it is not anticipated that it will often be called upon to carry more than six tons. The engine which supplies the motive power is a 16-horse-power four-cylinder hydro-carbon engine. The fuel burnt is petrol, for which tanks are supplied underneath the main frame, capable

of giving the car a run of 200 miles. The car is equipped with two Pom-poms and two Maxims. It can carry 10,000 rounds of small-arm ammunition, and has also, at a pinch, carrying capacity for twenty men.

### Persistence Wins.

IN A talk to workmen the other day Bishop Ingram, of London, said: "Human nature always reminds me of the story of the two frogs that fell into a pot of cream. One of them soon gave up the struggle as a bad job, and without much ado sank to the bottom. The other, striking out with all his legs, and persevering, eventually found himself resting upon a pat of butter churned by his own efforts to get his head above the level of the cream."

**Advice to Mothers:** MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

The Sohmer Piano is an instrument that is an ornament to any parlor.

### Spinal Curvature and Its Cure.

ABNORMAL curvature of the spine may come on at any age. It may occur in children from a fall upon the nates, as in play, a chair is pulled away so that the child sits down suddenly upon the hard floor. We have seen spinal curvature result in this way in two cases. It may arise from the child's desk being too low, and the wrong posture being taken while attending school. Often a child, overgrown or backward in his studies, is put in the primary department. The desks being small, he is forced to bend forward; thus curvature of the spine is brought on. School-teachers, book-keepers, and literary people are subject to spinal deflection from the same cause, improper posture, long-continued. The physicians of the Philo Burt Manufacturing Company, 52 Fourth St., Jamestown, N. Y., makers of the celebrated spinal appliance for curvature of the spine, tell us in their literature (which, with price-list, is sent free on application) that of the thousands of patients wearing their appliance, the greater part contracted the curvature from improper posture, bending the spine in a particular direction, especially when tired from long standing or sitting.

### Bicycles Below Cost

5000 Bicycles, overstock. For 30 days only we will sacrifice at less than actual factory cost. **New 1902 Models.**  
 "Bellise," complete \$8.75  
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 "Neudorf," Road Racer \$11.75  
 No four bicycle as any price.  
 Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. Strongest guarantee.  
 We SHIP ON APPROVAL C.O.D. to anyone without a cent deposit. We allow 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL before purchase is binding.  
 500 good 2nd-hand wheels \$3 to \$8.  
 Do not buy a bicycle until you have written for our free catalogues with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.  
**MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept 240M Chicago.**



**GOOD INCOMES MADE**  
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**BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL 33¢.**  
 1-lb. trade-mark red bags.  
 Good Coffees 12c. and 15c.  
 Good Teas 30c. and 35c.  
**The Great American Tea Co.,**  
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# Pabst beer is always pure

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THIS perfume so closely resembles the fragrance of the living violet that it is impossible to tell them apart.  
 Smallest size original bottle containing two ounces \$4 each  
 Sold at first-class establishments  
 Write for free sample to  
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## BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address  
**Starling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 322a**

**KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN**

## EAT COOK'S FLAKED RICE

### DON'T COOK.

1. Pour the dry flakes from the package into a colander.
2. Put a liberal amount of salt into a little boiling water.
3. Pour the boiling salted water on the rice, through the colander.
4. Drain, shake slightly, and turn out on a hot dish; serve with sugar and milk. That is all—and the rice is perfectly prepared in less than a minute.



Put in colander

SEND ONE COUPON AND 10 CTS.  
 FOR OUR DOLL.



Salt the water



Pour water through

### FOR BABY TOO.

NEW BORN INFANTS—One cup of Cook's Flaked Rice, one quart water, boil ten minutes, add a pint of milk, pinch of salt, and a very little sugar, and strain.

THREE MONTHS OLD CHILD—Use double the quantity of Cook's Flaked Rice (two cups) and do not strain.



Empty into dish

**COOK'S FLAKED RICE CO.,**  
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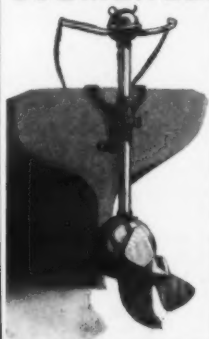
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## Life-insurance Suggestions.

THE FREEDOM with which the insurance superintendents of the various States are pointing out the inherent weakness of fraternal assessment associations is significant. For instance, the State commissioner of Minnesota declares that, "excepting a very few of these fraternal societies, an insufficient assessment or premium rate is being collected from the members, to insure their future permanency." He believes in drastic legislation, so framed as to compel every fraternal society issuing a life-insurance policy to adopt a minimum table of rates, based upon well-established mortality tables, and he says that, unless such action is taken, the final dissolution of many of these societies must occur. "In many cases," he says, "especially those having a very large membership, this unhappy period will be long deferred, but it is bound to come eventually, so long as insufficient rates are collected." There is no controverting this statement and even the promoters of fraternal societies admit the hardships of their situation. I have had many letters from members of fraternal associations, expressing regret that the advice given in this column was not followed many years ago, but it is never too late to mend.

"T. I. C." New York: I do not believe that your policy is the best one that you could have, and would much prefer one in a strong, well-established, and thoroughly secure institution. The 20-payment life plan is an excellent one for you; or, if you prefer it, a 20-year endowment, which would give you, at the age of 47, the full amount of the policy and any surplus to which it was entitled. Such a policy has increasing value from year to year.

"T." Sandusky, O.: Nearly all the well-established companies offer attractive features, many of them without great essential differences. You probably would do better with one of the strongest and best-established companies than with one that is new and untried. Any agent will give you a list of these, or you can find full information in the Pocket Index for 1902, issued by the Spectator Company, New York, and which will be sent you by them for twenty-five cents.

"W. L." Brooklyn: (1) The rate is somewhat lower, but I do not think the policy is the best or the safest one you could have, and you can always afford to pay for security. (2) Your 20-year endowment in the Equitable ought to be entirely satisfactory. I do not see that you would gain anything by the five-yearly division of dividends.

*The Hermit.*

**TROUT FISHING**  
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is unsurpassed.

Rocky Mountain, rainbow, eastern brook, Von Baer, Loch Leven trout and grayling are there.

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SEND SIX CENTS for  
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25 cts. for  
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are limited to one thousand sets. Some of these were sold in advance of publication. The remainder are bound to go fast, now that the announcement is made definitely of their publication.

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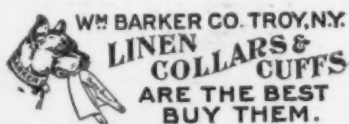
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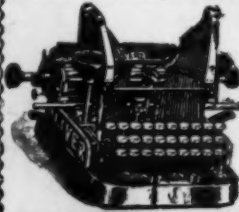
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When Williams' Soap he uses  
His face is full of bliss.But when he tries the other kinds  
He always looks like this.

### A Not Uncommon Experience

"I have always used Williams' Shaving Soap, with the greatest satis-  
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Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c. SWISS VIOLET SHAVING CREAM, 50c.  
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP (Rd. or Sq.), 10c. LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.  
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barbers), 6 round cakes, 1 lb., 40c. Exquisite also for Toilet.LONDON, THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn. DRESDEN  
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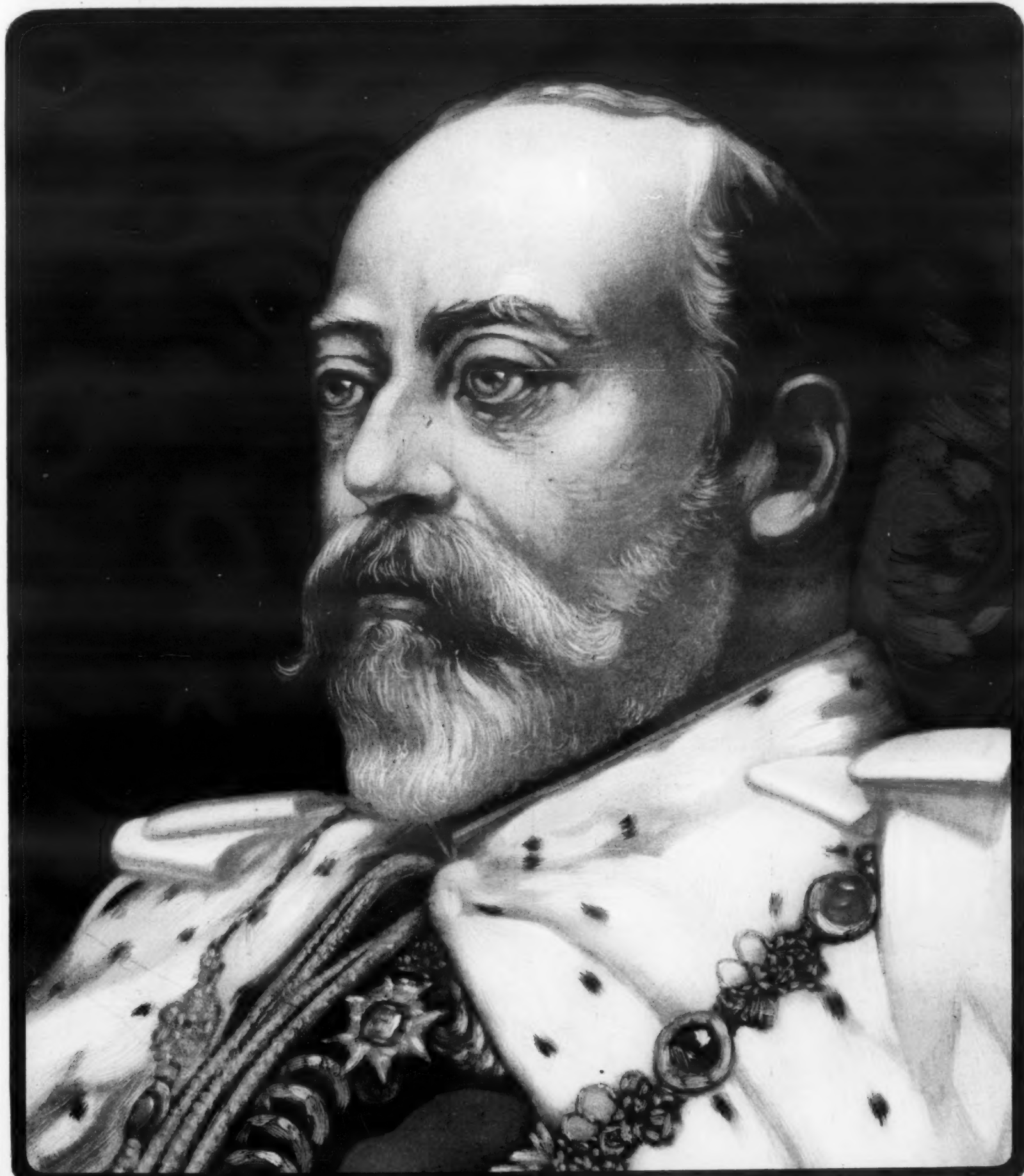
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## Malta-Vita THE PERFECT FOOD



Malta-Vita, (malta-vita, n., sing., malta, life of grain, vita, vitality). The perfect food, pure, palatable, nutritious. So prepared as to be easily digested and perfectly assimilated by the human system. Requires no cooking. (Century Dictionary, next Edition.)

### PURE, PALATABLE, NUTRITIOUS

MALTA-VITA is good to eat. MALTA-VITA is cheap. ("The best is always the cheapest.") MALTA-VITA insures health (perfect digestion). Clean, white teeth, sweet breath, bright eyes and a clear, active brain. MALTA-VITA is the perfect food, made from the whole wheat, thoroughly cooked, scientifically cured and impregnated with diastase of barley, malt extract, flaked and toasted.

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MALTA-VITA if eaten for breakfast and supper, will insure perfect digestion and remove all cause of insomnia and constipation.

MALTA-VITA is the perfect food for old and young, sick or well, morning, noon and night.

### RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS

Hundreds of letters are being received by the Malta-Vita Pure Food Co., telling of the merits of MALTA-VITA.

Hundreds of thousands of people are coming to know that the use of a perfect food, properly prepared, nourishes and regulates the system and removes the cause of many of the ills of life. MALTA-VITA is such a food. It is scientifically prepared, properly cooked and always ready to eat. Many physicians are recommending MALTA-VITA with much satisfaction to themselves and patients.

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Half the work and worry of a housewife's life is removed when she introduces MALTA-VITA into the family. MALTA-VITA is The Perfect Food; perfect in taste, perfectly cooked and perfect because MALTA-VITA contains all the elements necessary to sustain life and invigorate both mind and body. MALTA-VITA requires no cooking and is relished by old and young, sick or well. MALTA-VITA and fruit, with cream and sugar to taste, makes a delightful summer diet and removes all necessity for building fires to insure a palatable and pleasant meal.

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These are the blessings that follow in the wake of MALTA-VITA.

MALTA-VITA is sold in large packages protected with an inner seal, at 15 cents. Each package contains more food value than can be purchased for \$1.00 invested in meat. If your grocer does not keep it, send his name and address and 25 cents to pay for wrapping and postage and we will send you a package direct;—6 packages by express \$1.00.

FREE—A sample package of MALTA-VITA and a beautiful cook book, "72 Dainty Dishes," on request.

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ONE of the events of the beginning of the century is the inauguration of the "Twentieth Century Train" between New York and Chicago by the New York Central and Lake Shore railroads.

This train goes into service June 15th, 1902, and will run daily thereafter, leaving New York at 2.45 P. M., arriving Chicago at 9.45 next morning; leaving Chicago at 12.30 noon, arriving Grand Central Station, New York, at 9.30 next morning.

This is beyond all question the fastest long distance train in the world; the 980 miles between New York and Chicago being covered in exactly twenty hours, including all stops and slow-downs.

The fact that the New York Central will have in addition to the 20-hour train four 24-hour trains and three slower trains every day between New York and Chicago will justify the press statement that "The New York Central is the connecting railroad between the East and the West."

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